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A

VISIT TO WAZAN,

The Sacred City of Morocco.

THE AUTHOR IN MOORISH DRESS.

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VISIT TO WAZAN,

The Sacred City of Morocco.

58790

BY

ROBERT SPENCE WATSON.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

London:
MACMILLAN AND CO.
1880.

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LONDON:
R. CLAY, SONS, AND TAYLOR,
BREAD STREET HILL.

PREFACE.

He who writes a book lays himself open to censure, and of mine it may be said that it unduly magnifies a short journey and a small experience; that it condescends too much to detail; and that it is innocent of adventure to justify such condescension. But I think that some of my professional brethren, who long to get all the fresh life they can in the brief rest from much brain-work which is allowed them by the exigencies of modern life, may be glad to know how near at hand complete change lies. I have tried to make the book such as I should have liked to consult when I first contemplated a visit to Morocco. Experienced travellers have their experience to

guide them: novices are thankful for honest assistance, though it be but feeble.

I received much kindness from the Moors, and it is only fair to a people who have usually been abused by those who have travelled amongst them to show that, in their case also, there is "another side to the shield." There is probably a considerable difference between the inhabitants of Northern and Southern Morocco. I only speak of those amongst whom I travelled.

There are signs that Morocco is not long to be left undisturbed by European nations, but there are possibly reasons why Christianity as practised, and civilisation so-called, should seem dubious benefits to an intelligent Moor. The limited intercourse which has prevailed has not improved the natives who have come under its influence. They have indeed to a great extent ceased to observe the Muezzin's call to prayer, but a good Mohammedan may fail to appreciate that reform.

I was fortunate in meeting with many good and intelligent Mohammedans. I had no qualification for travel which most Englishmen do not also possess, but I carried invaluable introductions. Next to these the most important requisites for successful travel in North Morocco are a willingness to be pleased, and an unwillingness to take offence.

In spelling proper names and Arabic words I have tried to represent their sound, but this is an uncertain process, for, not only do the same sounds differ to different ears, but the same words are pronounced differently by different people or in different districts. My map must be regarded simply as an index-map, although I have tried to make it as accurate as I could do from my notes and recollection.

I am deeply indebted to Madame the Cherifa of Wazan for the great kindness with which she has furnished me with information upon many matters of interest connected with her distinguished husband and adopted country,

as well as for her invaluable aid in forwarding my journey to Wazan: to Mr. Horace P. White, H.B.M. Consul at Tangier, for much advice and assistance: and to Mr. W. H. Richardson, of Jarrow-on-Tyne, without the benefit of whose intimate knowledge of all that pertains to Morocco my little journey would never have been made.

BENSHAM GROVE, GATESHEAD-ON-TYNE,
July 1880.

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STEAM COMMUNICATION WITH MOROCCO.

THERE are at present two regular lines from London to Tangier and the West Coast of Africa. The boats belonging to Messrs. Forwood and Co., of 60, Gracechurch Street, London, run every two or three weeks, and those of the "London Canary Islands and Morocco Line" run at like intervals. From Marseilles the steamers of MM. Paquet et C^ie^., run about twice a month, but on no fixed days; and from Oran the "Compagnie Anonyme de Navigation mixte" runs a steamer fortnightly to Nemours, Gibraltar, and Tangier.

There are at present three companies at Gibraltar, each of which runs small steamers two or three times a week to Tangier, so that there is nearly daily communication,—and often three steamers a day between the two places.

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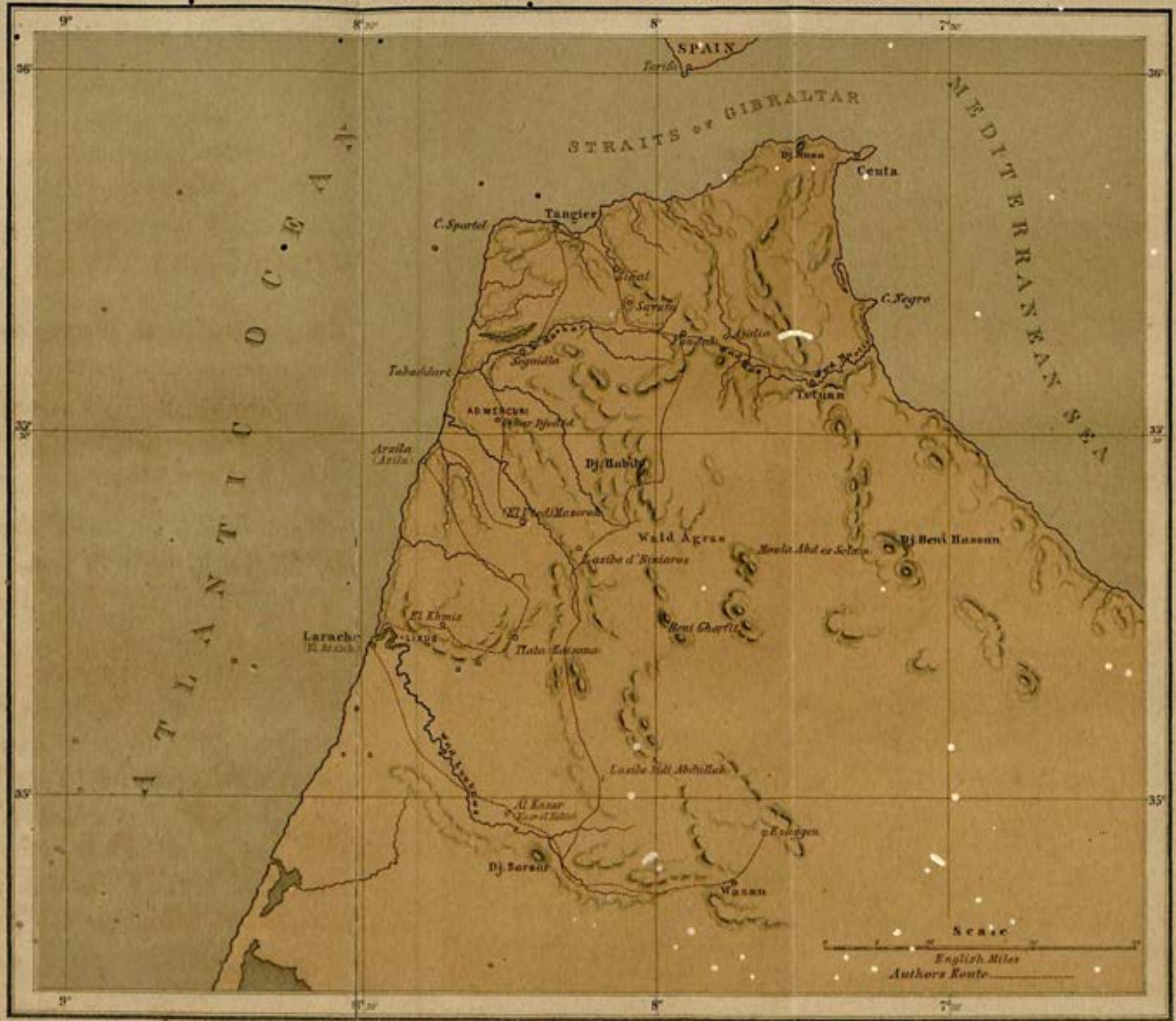


Engraved & printed by Wagner & Debes, Leipzig

LONDON, MACMILLAN & Co.

A VISIT TO WAZAN,

The Sacred City of Morocco.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.

Of all countries which are within easy reach of England, Morocco is the least known. You may be in Tangier on the sixth day after leaving London, and many English people as well as representatives of other European nations visit that city every year, but few do more than this. Some indeed get as far as Tetuan; some visit the seaports by means of coasting steamers; but the number who travel inland is very small indeed, and much of the interior is practically unknown. There are considerable regions which are quite unexplored, and the only

information about which is to be obtained from books written centuries ago.

Yet Morocco is a great country, larger in fact than France; a country of much historical interest; of somewhat evil traditional reputation; of unusual promise to the traveller, and of considerable performance.

It holds the descendants of those Moors who made Spain the leader of the world's civilisation; under whose enlightened rule that land reached a point of intellectual and material prosperity which even now has not been altogether attained to by those lands which claim the lead; whose learning, artistic skill, and heroic performance still give to the country of their adoption and rejection the greater part of the interest which leads wanderers from other nations to her shores. It holds the descendants of the men against whom nearly every great European nation has contended in vain. It is a land of slavery and oppression, but the oppressors do not add to their crimes the bitter curse of alien blood.

The Barbary of our forefathers included all

the countries adjoining the Mediterranean between the Atlantic and Egypt. The Morocco of to-day combines the westernmost of these, Fez and Morocco. The French possession, Algeria, bounds it on the north-east, the frontier line having been fixed by treaty in 1845: upon the south and south-east the Sahara is its limit, whilst the Atlantic ocean washes it on the west, and the Mediterranean sea on the north.

The Atlas mountains intersect it, extending from the Mediterranean sea beyond Tetuan on the north-east to Cape Gher and Cape Nun on the south-west. They are several nearly parallel ranges of mountains rather than a single chain, and throw off many spurs. There is also a range of low-lying hills known as the Er-Riff mountains along the Mediterranean coast.

Between the Atlas mountains and the sea are great cultivable plains of surpassingly rich soil, but lacking water, for the many rivers which rise amongst the mountains find their way to the sea with difficulty, and are for the most part dry during the summer's heat. Wherever there are hills and rivers in this land you find

a luxuriant growth of underwood. Tall oleanders, rich in blossom, border the streams; the gum-cistus, myrtle, evergreen oak, and cork-tree clothe the sides of the hills with bright and varied greenery; whilst now and again you chance upon noble woods of olive and carob-trees attaining a glorious growth. Most of the towns are surrounded by gardens in which the orange, lemon, fig, and pomegranate-trees, flourish, and the vine wanders at her own sweet will; whilst often, in some out-of-the-way spot, you come upon a grove of lemons or a thicket of olives or lentisks, so bright and beautiful that you are willingly compelled to dream away beneath their shade the hot and exhausting hours of the midsummer day.

But the land, though rich, is not productive, the great desert plains are more strange than beautiful; the country in summer and autumn has a dead, played-out effect; the towns present hardly any features of architectural interest. There is a certain suggestion of decay over the whole land; the gilding is rubbed. The only motto truly appropriate to the Moorish crown

is "Laissez faire." When you reach the hills indeed you find the charm which is never quite absent from mountain lands, but the chief attraction of Morocco for the traveller lies in its people and its government; a people of surpassing picturesqueness and interest—a government which possesses none of the ordinary attributes of direction, but exists for the one purpose of taxing the people.

As you pass from the seaport towns to the hills, and from the hills to the cities of the interior, you soon discover that you are amongst men of different races, and that each race preserves much of its individual character. What these races are, and how they came to be where they are, can be surely told.

The Arab historians, and our own old geographers who follow them, explain how Barbary was first peopled by Phut, the third son of Cham, driven out of Canaan by the conquering Israelites, but the narration of these remote facts, even by Peter Heylyn, is naturally a little hazy. When that part of the written history of this corner of the world which we are used to

consider authentic begins, it is named Mauritania Tingitana, and has been taken by the Romans from a people undoubtedly of Phœnician origin, and called Mauri by their conquerors.

The Romans kept possession of this land, and used it (with their other African territories) as a valuable granary, for nearly five centuries. During this period the seat of Empire was changed from Rome to Byzantium, and the Roman Empire had become Christian in name, and was fast drawing to its close. The great movements of the Teutonic and Eastern peoples had begun, and the Vandals had swept over part of France, and had ravaged Spain for twenty years. Under their great leader Genseric in 429 they crossed the straits of Gibraltar, and Mauritania speedily became theirs. The religious persecution which followed, and which one so-called Christian people practised upon another, should make us a little chary of the way in which we condemn the followers of Mohammed for the cruelties which they practised upon men of another faith.

The Vandals held Mauritania until the year 533, when they were defeated by the troops of the Emperor Justinian under the famous Belisarius, and the Mauri once more became subject to the power of the Roman Empire.

But they were not destined to remain much longer under the sway of Byzantine than they had under that of Vandal rulers. The great prophet Mohammed had not been dead fifty years when his all-conquering followers entered Mauritania. They took Tingis (Tangier) in the year 681, and from that time they have, with little intermission, been the possessors of the country. The Christian religion vanished before them, and Morocco is the solitary instance of a land wherein it had been for centuries established, from which it altogether died out.

Neither the Romans nor the Greeks produced much real effect upon Mauritania, the lasting evidences of their long rule are not greater than those of the much shorter Roman rule in our own Britain. Their remains are indeed still to be found here and there, and

it is possible that, in the interior of the country (into which they penetrated) there may yet be discovered many interesting relics of their dominion, but upon the land itself, its people and their language, they have left scarcely any mark.

The Arab historians, who describe the wars which followed the invasion of Morocco by the followers of Mohammed between them and the degenerate Romans or more formidable Mauri, call the latter Brâber, from whence comes our term Berber, applied at the present time to the mountain tribes of Northern Morocco. It is not a term which the people themselves use or understand, but it is evident that the Mauri of the Romans and the Berbers of to-day are identically the same people. Barbarian was the name by which both Greeks and Romans called all peoples who were not Greek or Roman; barbarian and foreigner were synonyms with them. The name is said to take its rise from the attempts of a stammerer to speak,—the speech of all persons whom they were unable to understand sounding like

stammering efforts to the warriors of Greece and Rome. "Thou shalt not see a fierce people; a people of deeper speech than thou canst perceive, of a stammering tongue which thou canst not understand."

From Mauritania, in the beginning of the eighth century, the Arabs passed into Spain, and the inhabitants of that land called them Mauri; although they had nothing in common with the true Mauri, the conquered Berbers of Africa, and although they drew (at first at all events) but a small part of their forces from the genuine Moors. Thus at this period of Arab rule in Spain, we have in Morocco the conquering Arabs and the vanquished Moors or Berbers, and in the Peninsula the conquering Arabs, nick-named Moors by the vanquished inhabitants of Spain. When the tables were turned and the Arabs (mis-called Moors) were at length expelled from Spain, and took refuge in Morocco, neither the Berbers (the true Moors) nor the Arabs, who had been settled for many centuries in that land, were willing to receive them. They

had to take up their abode chiefly upon the sea-coast, and they founded or occupied the many sea-port towns which we still find along the Mediterranean and the Atlantic. It is the inhabitants of these towns to whom the term Moor is now most properly applied.

It would be, generally speaking, correct to say that, at the present day, the Berbers are the dwellers in the hill country in North Morocco; the Arabs the inhabitants of the towns in the interior; and the Moors those of the sea-coast towns. In the four centuries which have elapsed since the events of which I have spoken there has been some commingling of these elements; they have all received a considerable admixture of Ethiopian blood from constant intermarriage with the slaves, who are annually imported in large numbers from the Soudan; but there is even to-day a sufficiently marked distinction between the three peoples,—the Berbers, whom we may call the native possessors of the land; the Arabs who conquered and settled in it; and the Arabs, so-called Moors, who escaped to it

from Spain in the fifteenth century. I was not sufficiently long in Morocco to recognise accurately the typical differences, but I found the Berbers and the Arabs of the interior pleasanter people to deal with than those of the sea-coast. The Berber language is an unwritten tongue, and philologers differ even as to the great family it belongs to.

The history of Morocco during the period of Arab dominion in Spain is one of frequent revolution and constant war. At times it was divided into four kingdoms, Tafilet, Sus, Morocco, and Fez, each under a different monarch, but each monarch anxious to add the domains of the others to his own. Upon these the changes were rung in every conceivable way. From time to time, under a more powerful ruler than usual, all the four kingdoms would be for a time united, and some of the kings of Morocco held high sway even in Spain. The communication being constant, Africa could not fail to benefit from intercourse with that land which, under its Arab rulers, not only was at the head of

European civilisation, but was centuries in advance of the European peoples in sweetness and in light, in scientific knowledge admirably applied to every-day life, in all branches of intellectual attainment, and to which all European peoples should look back with the deepest gratitude, because of the great number of practical benefits which it conferred upon them, and the ease, comfort, and brightness which it added to life. Many of the brilliant features of the Arab rule in Spain were reproduced in Morocco. The cities of Fez and Morocco had important universities and libraries; and, amongst many men of eminence whose names are no longer familiar to us, we find that the illustrious Jew, Maimonides, who was born at Cordova in 1135, lived and taught for many years at Fez; and that the great Averrhoes, also born at Cordova, took up his abode in the city of Morocco, where he died towards the end of the twelfth century. But the lamp of learning burned too fiercely to last, and its feverish brilliancy was succeeded by enduring intellectual darkness.

For many centuries no land of so much quasi-civilisation has been so absolutely un-intellectual as Morocco.

It would take up too much time and be to little profit to trace the rise and fall of Arab dynasties; how the Almoravides succeeded the Idrisides; the Almohades the Almoravides; and the Merinides the Almohades; how the Cherifs Filleli followed the Cherifs Hassani; to speak of the civil wars and revolutions which kept the land in perpetual unsettlement, and the invasions of foreign nations which frequently threatened the very existence of the Arab rule, but which invariably ended in disaster and disgrace. Although there is still constantly a rebellion in one part of the country or another, Morocco has for all practical purposes been a united kingdom since the days of Mulai Ismael, who reigned from 1692 to 1727.

I must, however, say a few words about the history of what may fairly be spoken of as the leading family in Morocco, a family the head of which (a lineal descendant of Mulai

Dris, the first Emperor of Morocco, and thus of Ali the Prophet's nephew and his daughter Fatmeh) enjoys an influence in many parts of the country scarcely second to that of the Emperor himself, and whose fame extends into far distant lands. I allude to the family of the Cherifs of Wazan. Their influence is not, properly speaking, political, it is essentially a religious influence. Let me explain how it arises, and what it is.

There have always been certain great and contending sects in the Mohammedan faith. It would scarcely be too much to say that they existed even in the Prophet's life-time, and they showed themselves violently immediately after his death.

The four orthodox sects are known in the aggregate as Sonnites, because they acknowledge the authority of the Sonna, which is to the Koran what the Mishnah is to the Mosaic Law, a kind of supplement interpreting or amplifying the original. Of these sects that of the Malekites has obtained authority in Barbary. Its founder was Mulai Ebn-Ans, "the holy interpreter of

the Koran," who was born about the ninetieth year of the Hegira.

I have already pointed out that when the Arabs first reached Morocco it was what is called a Christian country, but the Christianity it professed was base and degenerate formalism, far inferior in all of true worth to the living faith which was to supplant it. No doubt that faith was propagated by the sword, but religious wars waged under the banner of the Prince of Peace have been as cruel and bloody, and more relentless, than those waged by the followers of him who professed to be the prophet of the God of battles. Mohammedanism is after all but a high development of Judaism, and the wars it waged were in the highest and truest sense religious wars; for every warrior really believed in the faith for which he fought. He was animated by the same spirit as that which led the Israelites to the conquest of the promised land, or the Christians of middle-age Europe to the Crusades, and it would be difficult to show that the benefits which the more tolerant Mohammedan faith conferred upon the countries

it brought beneath its sway were not at least as great as those of which either Judaism or Christianity can boast.

The Christianity of the Berbers was but religious whitewash, and did not long survive the forcible persuasions of their Arab conquerors. They accepted by degrees the new faith, and, when that faith was driven out of Western Europe, and found an abiding home in the land of its adoption, that land was cut off from all intercourse with other countries by the constant attacks which the Christian peoples of Europe made upon it. To a people thus forced back upon itself intellectual progress was impossible. There was no longer room for that tolerance which constant communication with peoples of alien beliefs begets. The whole mind of the nation was concentrated upon religion, and, whenever that is the case, religion is certain to degenerate into formalism. We can have no stronger instance of this than that of the Jews in the time of Christ. Their learned men wearied out their lives in the discussion of miserable problems which were all

dependent upon "the letter which killeth." And thus in Morocco to-day we find the learned men are learned in religious detail, and in the law founded upon that alone, and their Mohammedanism is more narrow, exclusive, and intolerant, than that which obtains in any other part of the world.

But there are many bright exceptions to this general rule, exceptions which show that it is not of the essence of this faith that it should so close the door to intercourse with men of another, and yet not all alien, belief.

In the struggles for supremacy of the sects into which, as I have mentioned, Mohammedanism was from the first divided, at times one of the parties was itself divided, and thus when the Abassides (the descendants of Abbas, the uncle of Mohammed) had about the year 750 overthrown the Oméiades (the descendants of Oméia, the uncle of Abbas and of Mohammed's father), they fell out amongst themselves, and Idris, the son of Abd-Allah, and one of the vanquished party, fled to Morocco. He was in the immediate line of descent from the Prophet's favourite

nephew, the noble Ali and his beloved daughter Fatmeh. Mohammed said of Ali that he bore the same relation to him as Aaron did to Moses. Idris, his descendant, was willingly made their chief by the Arabs and by the Berbers who accepted the Arab faith, and he may be fairly called the first Emperor of Morocco. Ali Bey, writing at the beginning of this century, says "his descendants are still considered as the most illustrious family of this country. The veneration of the inhabitants for Muley Edris is so great, that in all the situations of life, and in all their spontaneous motions, they invoke Muley Edris instead of the Almighty." His posthumous son Idris II. succeeded him after a short period of dispute, and at the beginning of the ninth century founded the famous city of Fez. He was followed by his son Mohammed, who divided the government of his possessions between seven of his brothers and one of his uncles, and, although he was succeeded on the throne by his son Ali, the power of the Idriside family declined from Mohammed's reign, and, early in the tenth century the empire passed from them.

I give in the Appendix (A) a complete genealogical table from the present Cherif of Wazan back to Ali and Fatmeh, but I have learned little of the subsequent history of the family from the time of Ali-ebn-Mohammed-ebn-Idris to that of the founder of the house of Wazan, Mulai Abdullah esh Cherif, who died at Wazan about 1675.

Before his time Wazan was but a collection of mud huts. He it was who first made it a sacred city. He seems to have established that reputation for sanctity which has continued in the Wazan family since, and which has caused their place of dwelling to become a place of pilgrimage from remote parts of the earth. His son, Mulai Mohammed, had two sons, the elder of whom, Mulai Tayib, attained so great a power, that he has given his name to the entire religious denomination of which the Cherifs of Wazan are the head. There is but little known of him, but it is still told that he could miraculously cure the sick and even raise the dead. He was succeeded in turn by his son Mulai Hamed, and his grandson Mulai Ali,

of whom we hear from Ali Bey that he and one other saint, "decide almost on the fate of the whole empire, as it is supposed that they attract the blessings of Heaven on the country. The departments which they inhabit have no Pasha, no Kaid or Governor of the Sultan; the inhabitants of these pay no kind of tribute, and are ruled by these two saints under a kind of theocracy. The veneration which they enjoy is so great that upon occasions when they visit the provinces, the Governors take their orders and advice. They preach submission to the Sultan, domestic peace, and the practice of virtue."

Mulai Ali was followed by his son Mulai el Erbi, the father of the present Cherif of Wazan, Mulai Sid Hadj'-ebd-es-Salam. Mulai el Erbi is also said to have possessed miraculous powers which have descended to his son. His touch would make the lame walk, the deaf hear, the blind see, and would remove the barrenness of women.

So much for the pedigree of the Cherifs of Wazan. Their actual position is a peculiar one.

The Emperor of Morocco is the head of the Church in that land, but upon coming to the throne, he seeks the ratification and the blessing of the great Cherif. There is thus a spiritual power co-existent with the Emperor's own, which is, in many respects, as great as his in his own land, but which is also acknowledged throughout Mohammedan Africa, and is known and looked up to by Mohammedans in most parts of the world where they are found.

The name Cherif is properly applied to all the descendants of the Prophet. The dignity, it will have been observed, is an hereditary one; each son of a Cherif is a Cherif; but the acting head of the house of Wazan is not always the eldest son of the great Cherif. At the present time the great Cherif resides for the most part at Tangier, and his second son fills his place at Wazan. No duties, either political or religious, are involved in the dignity; it does not carry with it any distinguishing name or title; and it does not immediately confer any authority. But the power which the great Cherif wields is substantial enough; the Emperor receives him,

alone amongst men, as his equal, and appeals to him for assistance in times of difficulty; in cases of serious rebellion he has accomplished what an army of soldiers could not, the mere fact of his presence sufficing to put the insurgents to rout; and upon more than one occasion he has undertaken long and difficult journeys even to the Sahara itself to obtain the submission of some border chieftain who has been occasioning trouble to the reigning house. He is the object of pilgrimage from all parts of Northern Africa; Mohammedans have even travelled from India to obtain his blessing; and when the present bearer of the name made the journey to Mecca he was even there the object of marked respect and veneration, the worshippers actually leaving the Kaabah to prostrate themselves before him.

But that which makes the great Cherif of Wazan of peculiar interest to Englishmen is that the present bearer of the name has married an English lady. He met her when she was visiting Morocco, and they were united according to the rites of the Church of England by Sir John Drummond Hay at the British Legation

at Tangier on the 17th March, 1873. Thus then we are brought into immediate alliance with one of the leaders of Mohammedanism in that land where it has been most exclusive; and I have strong hope that the alliance will, through the gentle but powerful influence of our fair countrywoman who has had the courage to take so bold and novel a step, prove of much benefit to the country of her birth as well as to that of her adoption.

CHAPTER II.

TANGIER.

It is perhaps necessary that I should begin with an apology for writing about Morocco at all. I was but a short time in the country. I had no special qualification to make a visit to it profitable from a scientific, geographical or archæological point of view. My object was simply that of obtaining the rest which lies in a change of life. I knew but little of the history of the country, and scarcely anything of what had been written about it by previous travellers. Of the very existence of the sacred city of Wazan, in which I was to pass bright and happy days, I was ignorant until a few weeks before leaving England; and the title of Cherif was a new one to me. But even this complete ignorance may make my experiences of the more value to those who may

possibly think of seeing for themselves something of the actual life in a land which is practically less known and travelled than any part of the globe which is so readily accessible.

A chance question to a friend who had visited Fez and Mequinez in 1878 as to the attractions of Tangier led to the observation, "But why do you not visit Wazan, the Sacred City, which has never been entered by an European excepting Dr. Rohlfs, who went as a renegade?" The remark took hold of me, and, being followed by much practical counsel and assistance, I began to make inquiries as to the best way of getting there. A note from Sir John Drummond Hay, our resident minister at Tangier, encouraged me in the hope of success, and I was so fortunate as to obtain an influential introduction to the English lady, who has married the Great Cherif of Wazan, a man whose influence in the parts of the country through which I travelled is perhaps superior to that of the Sultan of Morocco himself.

Thus armed, I sailed in the *Edward Williams*, a screw collier, from Sunderland on the 25th

September, 1879, and after a delightful voyage, reached Gibraltar on the 3rd October. It was too late to go ashore that night, but I learnt from the pratique boat that the *Hercules*, one of the small steamers plying almost daily between Gibraltar and Tangier, would leave at eleven o'clock on the following morning. I resolved to get to my ground at once, and (merely landing for an hour at Gibraltar to make some necessary arrangements as to drawing money, &c.), I transferred my luggage to the little *Hercules*, and was on my way to Africa by noon on the 4th October.

It is a pleasant run of three and a half hours across the straits, and the bluff old South Shields Captain beguiled the time by tales of the rapacity of Moorish and Jewish interpreters and guides, and of the many evil ways of the people amongst whom I was going. He somewhat alarmed me, too, by saying that the Custom House would be shut when we arrived, and that I should not be able to get my things passed until the following day. Altogether, in spite of the

fine weather, the fresh sail, and the flying-fish, which I saw now for the first time, the prospect of a visit to Africa did not seem quite so pleasant in the Straits, as it did when in old England. But Tangier at last came in sight, standing out pure and beautiful above the blue sea, and with hills rising above it apparently dotted with many villas, and a fine sweep of sand to the eastward with real mountains behind, and there was no turning back. So soon as the *Hercules* anchored, I chartered one of the numerous boats which were tossing about in all directions, and my luggage was handed in and stowed away with some difficulty, but with more care than is common in such cases. Just as we were pushing off, an English gentleman asked if he might join me, and share in the rough and tumble process of pushing through the swarm of boats surrounding our little steamer. We had four swarthy, bare-legged, and slippered Moors to row us, and were not long in reaching the little pier which has recently been constructed, and

which makes landing an easier process than it must have been a year ago, when you had to be carried from the boats to the shore on the backs of men.

I frequently met with English people, who objected strongly to the process of landing and embarking by means of small boats, and who thought the Moorish authorities might very properly build a much longer and more substantial pier for such purposes. There is really very little difference between Tangier and Gibraltar in this respect; one is about as bad as the other. But we should not forget that Tangier was in the possession of England from 1662 to 1685; and that we made it a good harbour by constructing a mole there at considerable cost, which, with much difficulty, when we abandoned the place, we wantonly destroyed. We have to thank the Stuarts for this stupid dog-in-the-manger trick, from which the English themselves probably now suffer more than any one else. "The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge."

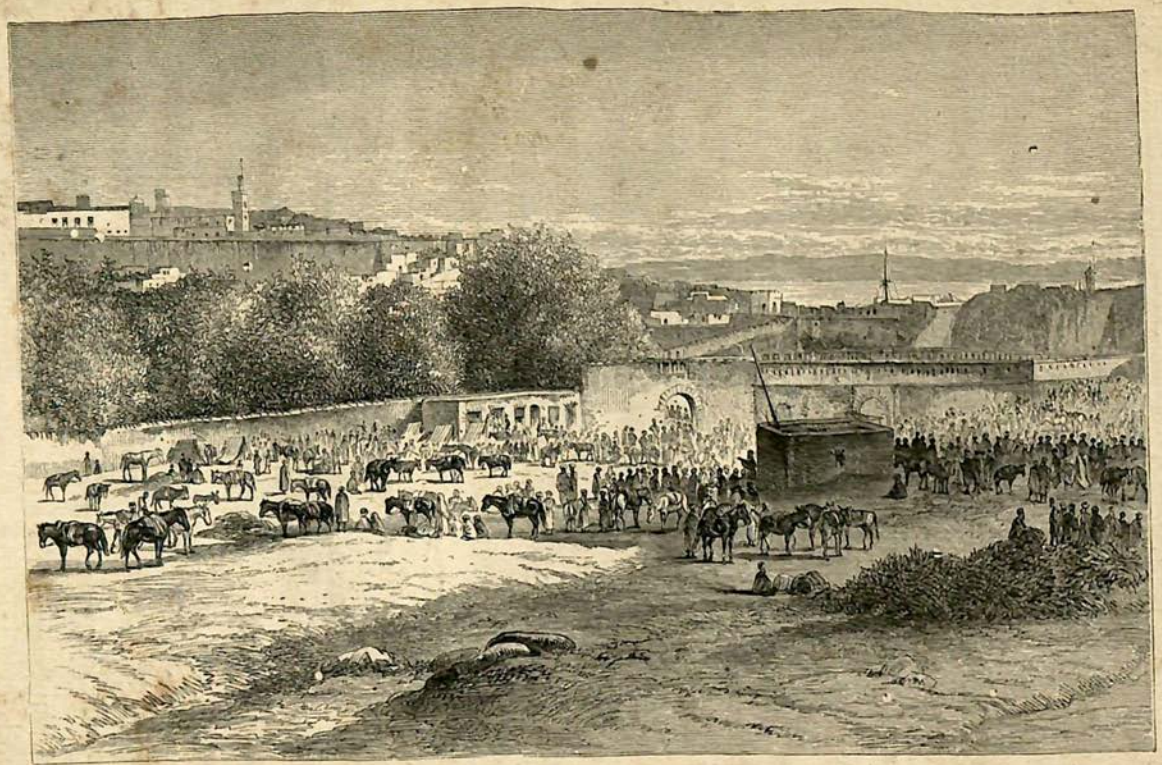
I asked the gentleman who had joined me about the inns in Tangier, and he strongly advised me to go to one a little outside of the town gates. It had only been opened for a few months; was free from the heat and the bad smells of the town; had a garden through which a fresh breeze played constantly, and was thoroughly clean and comfortable. He thought that I had better leave my luggage quietly at the Custom House, and take a boy to show me the way to the hotel. However, the boatmen were willing to act as porters, and, so taking the gun-case in my hand,[1] I led the way past the Custom House, and into the town without any opposition, and passing through a couple of gates, found myself in a new world.

To reach the "Hotel Bruzaud," familiarly called the "Hotel in the Garden," but known to its proprietor as the "Villa de France,"

[1] I had been told at Gibraltar that guns were not allowed to enter Morocco without a special permit. I believe that this was the case not long ago, it certainly is not now.

you must traverse the entire length of the main street of Tangier. It does not take more than five minutes if you climb up steadily, but it is steep, the day was hot, and the men had to rest for a short time in the little market-place about half way up the street. But I was in no hurry; all was new and strange to me; wherever I turned there was a picture; every person and every thing demanded attention. For nine days I had seen but little save the waste of waters. I had come direct from the formal and unpicturesque life of the north of England; from the dreariest of wintry summers, and the most prosaic of existences, to this glorious climate where merely to live was a joy, and where English conventionalities were all unknown. The grave turbaned Moors with their beautiful white flowing robes, who neither spat upon me, nor called me a dog of a Christian; the women who uncovered their legs but hid their faces; the unmistakable Jews in their Saturday's best; the jealously guarded Mosque; the quaint little holes in the wall where the

shopkeepers sat on the top of their goods with no apparent intention of selling anything to anybody; the charming fountain where a crowd of people, who would have gladdened a painter's heart, were waiting to fill all manner of odd earthenware pitchers; the white walled houses without windows; all made this place altogether unlike any that I had ever seen before, and I felt as though I were now really "abroad" for the first time in my life. But when we passed through the city gates and entered the Soko, or market-place proper, my delight and wonder were increased tenfold. It was Saturday afternoon, and multitudes of people had already come in from the country for the Sunday's market. The hill side was covered with extraordinary groups. Here a circle had gathered round a story-teller, who constantly aroused the attention of his auditors by beating a tom-tom. There another circle watched the wonderful feats of several conjurors; whilst a third were in raptures over a curious shuffling sort of dance performed to most melancholy music,



VIEW OF THE SOKO OR MARKET-PLACE.

which made up in noise what it lacked in melody. Long strings of heavily-laden camels, mules, or asses, were wending their way in every direction, amidst incessant cries of "Balak, balak," which you soon learn means "Get out of the way." As I mounted the hill, I came upon many tents at the entrances of some of which women sat grinding corn between two stones. The noise, and life, and bustle, were exhilarating and exciting. The variety of character and costume was extraordinary. Scantily-clad peasants from the Riff country, with long matchlocks, and without hair, save one black lock falling upon their shoulders; jet black negroes; swarthy Arabs in white jelabiahs or snowy delicate haikas; ragged little urchins of every hue; dusky water-sellers ringing bells and carrying the water they sold in goatskins from which the hair had not been removed; here and there Europeans looking strangely commonplace and out of keeping with the scene; and the whole surrounded with hedges of cactus, or cane, or with clumps of aloes; and with a cloudless sky far

above all: it was not easy to leave so strange a scene. It produced a curious sensation in the mind, at once soothing and exciting. It seemed to me, as Morocco still seems in retrospect, like a happy mixture of the Old Testament and the Arabian Nights with the gilding somewhat faded.

The "Hotel in the Garden" is a few minutes' walk from the Soko. You cross a little bridge and, passing up a sandy lane, reach a clean and sweet house with large trees about it, and a considerable garden gay with flowers, which commands a fine view of the hill country, the town of Tangier, the blue bay with its bright belt of sand, and the Spanish mountains far away across the Straits.

The men who had carried my luggage, weighing more than two hundredweight and a half, only demanded half-a-crown amongst them, and that included the payment for the boat from the ship to the pier. The Spaniards I met frequently spoke of the Moors as robbers, but the Spanish tariff at Malaga, for example, compels you to pay considerably more money

for a much less weight of luggage conveyed only a fifth of the distance.

And here let me say a word about the luggage with which a traveller in Morocco should be encumbered. I heard many different opinions upon this matter before I left England, but I strongly advise any one who makes the journey by sea to take everything which he is likely to want. It is very easy to leave superfluities behind you when you go into the interior, but it is not easy to buy English things in Tangier, and those which you do buy are of course much dearer there than at home. If you mean to return from some other port there is every facility for having your extra luggage forwarded to it by a coasting steamer, safely and at a moderate charge.

If you are going to stay at any city in the interior it is well to have with you a suit of rather superior dark cloth clothes. The better class Moors are very particular about their dress, and, as they wear long under-coats and waistcoats, as well as jelabiahs, made of superfine

English cloth, they would naturally be somewhat dubious about a gentleman who presented himself in rough shooting clothes alone. In Morocco, as elsewhere, the rule that "the apparel oft bespeaks the man" obtains wide and ready acceptance.

I found the "Hotel in the Garden" a pleasant resting-place, and the charges moderate. I paid two dollars a day for everything; coffee at eight in the morning; breakfast in the middle of the day, and dinner at seven in the evening. M. Bruzaud, the proprietor, is a Frenchman with ten years experience as messman at Gibraltar, and the fare is abundant and well cooked. The bedrooms are comfortable and scrupulously clean, and the conveniences are admirably arranged and quite English in their completeness.

Early hours are the rule in Morocco, and I was aroused about six o'clock, on the morning of the 5th by a tremendous firing of guns, beating of tom-toms, fluting, and barking of dogs, and rushed out so soon as I could dress to ascertain what was the matter. You soon

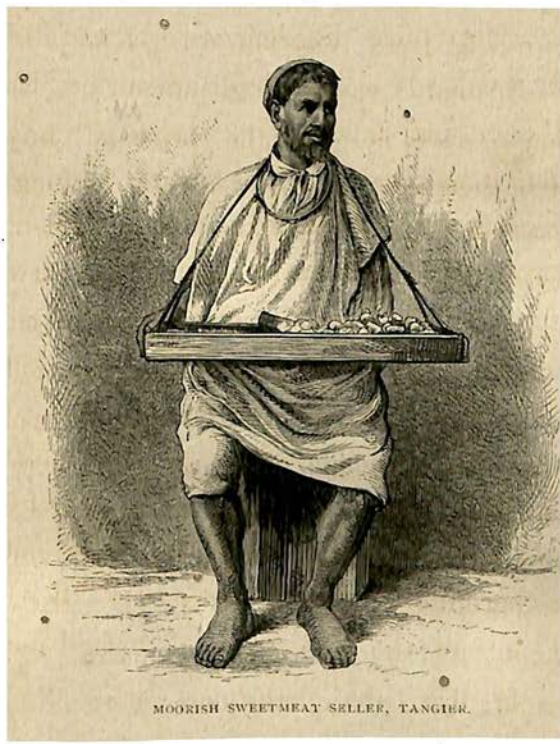
become used to these disturbances. The Moors are accustomed to make a great cry about a little wool, and tom-tom beating and fluting go on constantly in Tangier. Some weeks after I returned to Gibraltar I was peacefully smoking my pipe about six in the evening when I heard a terrific row in the main street. Again I rushed out to see what was the matter, and found five stalwart Highland pipers marching down the roadway and skirling to their hearts' content, but to the great discomfiture of those who had to listen without performing. I thought at first that other nations were nearly as good as the Moors at making much ado about nothing, but discovered that Mr. Urquhart asserts that the Moors and Highlanders are of the same blood, and "what is bred in the bone will out in the flesh."

The market at Tangier is held on each Sunday and Thursday. The scene is perhaps more amusing on the preceding afternoon when the country people and caravans are arriving, but the cattle market in the early morning is always an interesting sight. The herds of

fierce-looking little bullocks are guarded by wild Berber shepherds in dark camel's hair cloaks and baggy breeches, most of them carrying long matchlocks of wonderful workmanship. Well-dressed Jews wearing boots and black fezzes, Spaniards and Englishmen or Rock-scorpions,[1] seem to be the principal buyers, although there are plenty of Arabs looking on and "assisting." All over the hill on which the market is held business goes briskly forward, fruits, vegetables, meat, poultry, eggs, partridges, fish, sweetmeats, cloth, pottery, oil, are all to be had. But business and pleasure are combined; the story-telling, the dancing, and the juggling are going on all the time. I was desirous to see some of the world-famous snake-charming, but there was none either here or at any of the other fairs I visited, and I was told that the performers had all gone further south for a time. I watched one troupe of jugglers and balancers who were certainly clever. Many of their feats consisted of simple

[1] Rock-scorpion is the term applied to persons born at Gibraltar.

contortions of the body, but one strange-looking little man, whose observations from time to time convulsed the surrounding circle with laughter, made in spite of having his hands tied tightly



MOORISH SWEETMEAT SELLER, TANGIER.

behind his back, one of the great matchlocks revolve round his head with extraordinary rapidity, and ended by firing it off in some way quite inconceivable. I stood a little from the

circle, and was intently watching this performer when I found that he was gradually widening his audience out and working towards me, and I soon stood alone with him in the centre. Then the performers did their very best, dancing round me wildly, beating tom-toms, and whirling guns all about me, amid frequent cries of "Allah" from the admiring crowd. Even the women who were looking on got excited, and I saw much more of them than I was meant to do; one bonny girl in particular dropping the cloak from her head, and so revealing her own fair face and a sweet curly-headed baby of whom she seemed justly proud. When the performers were at length tired I wished to reward them handsomely. I knew nothing of the native money but had asked Monsieur Bruzaud to give me some for present purposes, and, to my surprise, he had given me enough to fill my trouser pockets. This in the fulness of my heart I emptied into the fez of one of the performers, but was yet more surprised when he tossed it down and spurned it with his foot. I felt hurt and somewhat aggrieved, but, having ascertained

from a friendly on-looker that I had in reality only given the man about two-pence half-penny, I soon made the matter all right, and we parted excellent friends.

The Moorish money is peculiar. The gold pieces are rarely to be met with for they have been largely exported in the shape of bracelets and necklaces. They are pretty little coins about as large as fourpenny pieces, and are worth a dollar. They are called Bendki. I tried both in Tetuan and in Tangier to get sufficient to make a necklace, and offered a commission to a Jew guide if he could succeed better than I had done, but our united efforts only produced seven coins, some of which were imperfect. Every one I asked said that there would be no difficulty in getting them, but no one seemed able to find any. I spoke to the Cherifa about them, and she told me that she also had been foiled in a similar attempt. Silver pieces are coined, I believe, although I never saw one. The smallest copper coin is the fls. It is nearly as large as a halfpenny, although twelve of them

are only equal in value to our penny. Upon one side it is stamped with two intersecting equilateral triangles (Solomon's seal) and on the other with the date of issue and the place where it is minted. There is also a two flus[1] piece, nearly as large as our penny, which is called Udjein. I had thus given from twenty to thirty pieces of copper to my conjuring friends, and yet had not remunerated them properly.

In Tangier and Tetuan the Spanish silver and copper coins circulate freely, although they are generally pierced with holes so as to be worn as ornaments or to be strung together, and will not pass when you return to Spain. In the interior the most useful coin is the French five franc piece. You should also be provided with a pocketful of native copper so as to relieve the many beggars who sit about the gates of the towns, and whose wretched appearance will not fail to excite your sympathy. The sturdy, importunate beggar is rare; those you usually see are very old and infirm people,

[1] Fls is the singular form, flus the plural.

or women and children suffering from some infirmity which incapacitates them from useful work.

I had a letter of introduction from Sir Moses Montefiore to the Chief Rabbi of Morocco which served as a useful passport to the Jews wherever I went. They owe indeed much to the great personal exertions which Sir Moses Montefiore made on their behalf in 1863, when they were under a heavy cloud. A Spaniard in Saffi had died suddenly and had apparently been poisoned. The Spanish Vice-Consul had insisted upon the matter being thoroughly investigated, and, under torture, a Jewish boy fourteen years of age, had declared that poison had been used, and had implicated ten or eleven other Jews. One of these was also subjected to the severest torture, but persisted in an absolute denial of all knowledge of the matter, and the boy himself retracted his confession so soon as he was released from torture. He was however put to death, and the man was sent to Tangier to be executed, whilst most of the others who had been

named as participators in the crime were thrown into prison, and were likely to meet with a similar fate. In spite of advanced years and physical infirmity Sir Moses Montefiore lost no time in setting out for Morocco, where he had a personal interview with the Sultan, and not only obtained the release of the imprisoned men, but also a royal firman commanding that "all Jews residing within our dominions, be the condition in which the Almighty Lord has placed them whatever it may, shall be treated by our governors, administrators, and all other subjects, in manner conformable with the evenly balanced scales of justice, and that in the administration of the courts of law they shall occupy a position of perfect equality with all other people, so that not even a fractional portion of the smallest imaginable particle of injustice shall reach any one of them, nor shall they be subjected to anything of an objectionable nature. Neither they (the authorities) shall do them wrong, whether to their persons or their property. Nor shall any tradesman among them, or artisan, be compelled to work against his will.

The work of every one shall be duly recompensed, for injustice here is injustice in heaven, and we cannot countenance it in any matter affecting either their rights or the rights of others, our own dignity being itself opposed to such course. All persons in our regard have an equal claim to justice, and if any person should wrong or injure one of the Jews, we will, with the help of God, punish him.

"The commands hereinbefore set forth have been given and made known before now, but we repeat them, and add force to them, in order that they may be more clearly understood, and more strictly carried into effect, as well as serve for a warning to such as may be evilly disposed towards them, and that the Jews shall thus enjoy for the future more security than heretofore, whilst the fear to injure them shall be greatly increased."

Although the commands contained in this firman have not been obeyed literally (and some of its expressions must have seemed somewhat ironical to the governors, administrators, and subjects to whom it is addressed) yet the position of the Jews has certainly been assured and their

condition ameliorated by the noble exertions of Sir Moses Montefiore. He and others of his rich fellow believers have also done much to assist their brethren in Morocco by founding excellent schools, &c., and he is held in just reverence amongst the Jews throughout the country.

I chanced to meet in the main street of Tangier, after I had left the market, Benzaquen, a tall, good-looking Jew who was of service to Sir Moses Montefiore upon the occasion to which I have referred, and who speaks excellent English. He led me to the house of the Chief Rabbi whom I found seated under a canopy made of canes and palmetto leaves, for it was the week of the Feast of Tabernacles. He was a strikingly handsome man about fifty years of age, with exquisite hands and nails, and was beautifully dressed in rich, pure white clothing. The Hebrew bible lay open before him. He received me cordially, seating me on a cushion beside him, and we had half an hour's pleasant conversation, Benzaquen interpreting when I could not understand. The Chief Rabbi spoke in Spanish, but understood English. His wife and two charming

daughters were present all the time, but his son Moses, a boy of fourteen years of age, was afraid to come in, as he would have to talk English. The Rabbi laughed heartily when I chaffed him about his foolish fear, and succeeded at length in extorting a few sentences from him in his hiding-place. From the prizes he has taken at school, which were brought out for my inspection, he must be a clever youth. He already speaks English, Spanish, and Hebrew, and is learning French and Italian. It was interesting to find that the prizes were all standard English books, and to learn that, in the schools, nearly every subject is taught to both boys and girls in English, our schoolbooks being used. The Rabbi invited me to visit the schools with him as soon as the Feast of Tabernacles was over, for strict holy day is kept whilst it lasts, and he also asked me to go to the great thanksgiving at the synagogue on the following Thursday, but I was unfortunately unable to do either.

The Jews at Tangier are not confined to any special quarter of the town, although they do in fact live very much together. Their women are

not veiled, and some of them are really beautiful, although I think that the praises which are sometimes indiscriminately lavished upon them are quite misplaced. Beauty in either man or woman is uncommon in any country so far as my experience goes. The bad habit of staining their eye-lashes and eyelids and their finger-nails prevails amongst them almost universally. They frequently wear very rich and costly dresses, and some of them have even adopted the European folly of high-heeled boots. It was at times ludicrous to see the difference of gait between a lady in the simple slippers of the country, and her companion in boots which would be thought delightful in Regent Street. The jewellery, of which they wear much, is often very fine, having frequently been handed down for many generations.

I spent much time this morning upon the little pier watching the landing of many heavily laden boats. There was a strong surf breaking on the beach, and sometimes as many as twenty men and women were hauling at the ropes up to their arm-pits in water. The intense heat made me wish

to take a hand myself. There is no difficulty about drying wet clothes in that delicious atmosphere.

In the afternoon I walked along the fine sands to what are usually called the ruins of the ancient city of Tingis, about two miles from the modern Tangier. It is a charming walk. Close to the town walls are lying some Armstrong guns which have recently been landed for the Moorish government. They were surrounded by Arabs who gazed with much interest on these, to them, the latest triumph of Christian civilization. The firm, level sand was crowded with picturesque groups of Berbers returning from the fair, some on foot, but most riding on mules or donkeys, and all armed. Most of them were carrying with them extensive purchases. I noticed that nearly all of the women had been buying oil amongst other things. They usually passed by in silence, but, when they did speak, it was always to give me a pleasant and civil greeting. Not once during my stay in Morocco had I, to my knowledge, a harsh or rude word said to me. Some of the men may have "cursed my grandfather," but, if

they did so, it was done so gently and politely that I, in my blissful ignorance, accepted it as a blessing!

The remains of a fine Roman bridge across the little river Wad Halk or Wad Tandja soon

MOORISH OIL-SELLER, TANGIER.

attracted my attention. I could not actually reach it for the tide was high, and the river was between me and the ruins. One arch is still perfect, and the whole of the southern approach is standing. The cyclopean masonry reminded

me of the interesting bridges upon the Via Flaminia which still do duty for those who cross the Appenines by the Furlo pass, and of the remains of the Roman bridge at Chesters on the North Tyne. It seems to be agreed that Tangier, either where it now stands or at this place, has existed since remote history, and that it was probably a town of some importance when the Romans first occupied the country. I was unable to discover any reason for supposing that it did not then occupy its present position. The best way to examine the remains thoroughly is to approach them from the land side. From the sands you get within a few yards of the bridge, but you cannot see any of the other ruins, although there are in reality many of them.

"The great and ancient city of Tangia," as Leo calls it, is doubtless of an extraordinary antiquity. Founded by the people of the land before it was conquered by the Romans, under their sway it became a place of considerable importance. The present town in all probability stands upon the site of that which the Romans built. This is proved by the remains of houses,

temples, and tombs, which every deep excavation exposes. By the Romans it was named Tingis. They took it from the Phœnicians, and the Vandals won it from them. Early in the eighth century the Arabs became its masters, and they held it for more than seven hundred years. In 1471, after two ineffectual attempts in 1437 and 1463, the Portuguese entered it without a siege, as the Arabs had fled from it. It became the property of England in 1662 as part of the dowry which Catherine of Braganza brought to Charles II. on their marriage, but it was given up to the Moors in 1684, for England found it something of a white elephant owing to the constant attacks to which it was subjected. It has frequently been said of late in relation to our difficulties with the Transvaal that England never gives up that which she has once acquired. Political memory is short, but the abandonment of Tangier, the voluntary cession of the Ionian Islands, and the restoration of the Orange Free States to the Dutch, seem to tell a very different tale. Since 1684 its history has been uneventful save for

its severe bombardment by the French under the Prince de Joinville in 1844, to avenge the assistance given by the Moors to the noble Arab chief Abd-el-Kader.

Tandja (as the Arabs call it) was, in the time of Edrisi, a pretty town whose inhabitants were industrious and fond of business. They built ships, and the port was much frequented.

Leo Africanus tells how some historiographers held the fond opinion that it was founded by one Sedded, the son of Had, who was emperor over the whole world, and who determined to build a city which for beauty might match the earthly paradise. "Wherefore" he compassed the same with walls of brass, and the roofs of the houses he covered with gold and silver, for the building whereof he exacted great tributes of all the cities in the world. . . . It hath always been a civil, famous, and well-peopled town, and very stately and sumptuously built."

Marmol enters more minutely into the history of the Portuguese sieges which the town stood successfully, and of its ultimate conquest. He

quotes the Arab historian Aben Gèza who called it "a second Mecca in beauty and strength."

Tangier looked quite charming as I returned along the shore; its white houses, numerous minarets, few tall palm trees, its irregular walls rising rapidly from the sea, with the ships and feluches lying at anchor in the bay, making a pretty picture. Some Spaniards and Arabs were fishing with long rods and, in the excitement of their sport, they waded far into the sea, regardless of the soaking of their clothes. They had caught several fish, but the red mullet was the only one I knew. By this time many wealthy Arabs were cantering along the sands on fiery little barbs with flowing manes and tails. They generally used English saddles, bridles, and whips, but wore snow white delicate haikas, covering their heads as a protection from the sun, and yellow slippers with the heels down, and their legs bare. Upon their naked heels they had long cruel looking spurs. A great bridal procession came along the sand as I approached the town. The bride was of course invisible. She was seated upon a little pony under a white

muslin box with a kind of green and gold embroidered funnel on the top in which, I suppose, was her head; where her feet were I was unable to divine. Before her went many musicians tom-tomming and too-tooing; behind her followed a crowd of people shouting and firing guns. She apparently had the worst of it. This custom of carrying the wife home is a very old one. Leo Africanus[1] says: "The bridegroom being ready to carry home his bride, causeth her to be placed in a wooden cage or cabinet, eight feet square, covered with silk, in which she is carried by porters, her parents and kinsfolks following, with a great noise of trumpets, pipes, and drums."

As I returned through the Soko I stayed to watch the loading of the last of the camels. It is an amusing operation. They seem to have a natural dislike to it, and, when loaded, they usually object to rise, biting and shouting in the most diverting way. They occasionally snap at each other when they are fairly up, but, on the whole, behave with the propriety

[1] Translation by John Pory. Impensis Georg. Bishop, 1600.

you might expect from their meek and somewhat dejected appearance. My halt was a fortunate one for it enabled me to see the arrival of a messenger from the Sultan with a despatch for the Bashaw. The royal messenger was accompanied by many soldiers and was preceded by a band of music which made a really dreadful noise, whilst the soldiers fired off their guns in the wildest way, often tossing them up into the air and catching them with much skill. Some of the people prostrated themselves; others cried "Allah" and leaped and danced with excitement. I never could understand how this intense excitement was produced, but it is certainly somewhat contagious. Long after I had reached the "Hotel in the Garden," I could hear the firing and the wild shouts of the crowd.

The climate of Tangier is delicious. In the early part of the day I had found the heat almost too intense, and, after the sun had set, resting in my room before dinner, I found pajamas and shirt quite sufficient clothing with my window wide open. Frost and snow are

practically unknown, and, although there is frequently a pleasant sea breeze, the Sciroccо is never felt. The average winter temperature is about 56° Fahr., and the thermometer rarely rises above 83° in summer. Rain falls heavily during the winter months, but it does not often last for the entire day, and seldom indeed are there four and twenty hours without any sunshine. Rain falls on an average upon twenty-six days in the year. Now that there is comfortable accommodation to be had for a prolonged visit at a reasonable charge, Tangier will certainly become a place of much resort during the winter and spring months. There are many delightful walks in the immediate vicinity, and innumerable pleasant excursions to be made on mules or ponies. The country all around is quite safe, and you can walk through it for miles with at least as much security against violence or insult as in the suburbs of any of our large manufacturing towns.

CHAPTER III.

THE GREAT CHERIF AND THE CHERIFA.

THE English Consulate is not open on Sunday, and most of the English residents in Tangier live during the summer and autumn upon the mountain, Djebel Kebir—which is a few miles to the west of the town. On Monday the 6th I went early down to the consulate visiting on my way the fine gardens of the German legation, which are just outside the walls, and are liberally open to strangers. Sir John Drummond Hay was still in England, but he had kindly mentioned my intentions in a letter to Mr. White, our consul at Tangier, and to the latter gentleman I am greatly indebted for invaluable advice and assistance whilst in the country, and for much information since I left it. Upon seeing my letter of introduction to the Cherifa he recom-

mended me to ride over and present it personally that afternoon, but he told me that if I happened to arrive when the Great Cherif himself was not at home, I must leave my introduction and return some other time, for it was contrary to Moorish ideas of etiquette to call upon a lady in her husband's absence.

Then I had my first interview with my interpreter, Mohammed Lamarti, a tall, stout, good-looking man of forty-five years. He had charge of the Barbary mules which were used for transport from Balaclava to the English camp during the Crimean War; had lived some time in Gibraltar; and had twice acted as interpreter to missions from the court of Morocco to that of England. He speaks English well, and was highly recommended to me by my friends, Mr. Richardson and Mr. Brady, who had made an extended tour with him in North Morocco in the preceding year,—having visited Fez and Mequinez, and travelled by the sea coast from Rabat to Tangier. I was introduced to him by Mr. White, and the interpreter to our legation, Mr. Hyam, assisted me materially

in the lengthy bargaining which ensued. At this first interview he made me an offer which I could not accept, and we got no further.

Bargaining is an art which the traveller in Morocco soon acquires. He has to resort to it whenever he makes any arrangement or the smallest purchase. As time ceases to be of the slightest consequence directly you land in the country, it is rather an amusing custom. Mohammed told me afterwards that the first morning he spent in London he left Long's Hotel in Bond Street to buy a cake of soap. He got to the well-known establishment of Messrs. Piesse and Lubin, and was shown a cake for which a shilling was asked. He at once offered sixpence, and was not a little surprised when the shopman seemed quite offended by his conduct!

In the afternoon I got two very fair little horses from M. Bruzaud, and set out for my visit to the Great Cherif. Although in obedience to many hints I had received before leaving England, I had not mentioned to any one that I hoped to reach the sacred city, Wazan, and only Consul White knew of it, yet I had heard much

about the Great Cherif and his English wife. They are naturally the objects of much interest and speculation, not only at Tangier, but also at Gibraltar. His unique position in the country; the intense reverence in which he is held; the fact that he had succeeded in inducing a fellow country-woman of ours to leave her home for his; the well-meant but quite worthless advice which my host tendered me as to the proper etiquette to be observed upon such a visit; the many long-forgotten tales which came involuntarily into my memory of the jealous care of Mohammedans in their matrimonial arrangements, and of the unpleasant dilemmas in which men (according to the tale-tellers) are wont to be involved who venture to intrude upon their domesticity: all impressed me with a curious feeling of doubt and difficulty which seem absurd enough now long after the event. We rode through the Moorish cemetery, which has a sadly neglected appearance, and along shady lanes lined by great aloes, and up to the extensive table-land known as the Marshan, where several Englishmen and Americans have built houses, and where the

Cherifa has a villa only a short distance from the city walls. With some difficulty we ascertained that she was at present living on the mountain (Djebel Kebir), and rode across the Marshan and down a rocky hill-side at the foot of which we joined the only made road I saw in Morocco. This road is carried by a bridge across the bed of a stream which tumbles down a fine gorge into the sea at a spot which is so sheltered and snug that it seems to have been intended by nature for a harbour.

As you rise up the western bank you come to the remains of a Roman aqueduct, and then the ride is one of great beauty. There are many villas dotted over the mountain, and their number is being constantly increased; but each is surrounded by extensive grounds, and the whole hill-side has the effect of a rich garden. Myrtles, palms, arbutus, fig-trees, olives, orange, lemon and pomegranate trees laden with fruit, grow everywhere in the richest profusion. The road winds along narrow lanes, at times quite darkened with the luxuriant growth over-head, bright with the brilliant berries of arbutus and the fast ripening

oranges, and fragrant with the scent of roses and woodbine. When we at length reached the Cherif's domains we had to descend a short, steep lane, and found ourselves in a sort of yard, where we were greeted by a whole pack of yelping curs, something between colleys and jackals. Several Arabs and Ethiopians were lying about, and donkeys (both Spanish and Barbary), mules, and ponies stood in lines tethered together by the fore-feet. I handed my letter to one of the Arabs who informed me that the Cherif was not at home. I desired him to give it to the Cherifa, and he went away into the house, leaving me to look about me for twenty minutes, when he returned with a fine little boy, six years old, who said to me in good infantile English, "Mamma say you come with me into the garden." I took his hand and he led me away to a charming garden where I found the Cherifa and her companions. There was something reassuring in a kindly greeting from an English lady, and I was at once made to feel at home. The Cherif, she said, was in the city; he had spoken about my going to Wazan, but she did not yet know whether he would encourage it.

He wished to know why I was going, and by which road, and many other particulars before he decided. We walked round the garden, which was prettily laid out, and was gay with beds of brilliant flowers. I was particularly pleased with some remarkably fine variegated verbenas which the Cherifa gathered me. She told me that she had bright flowers all the year round in her flower gardens, and, indeed, in that exquisite climate all things seem to grow as though they liked it. The view from the garden-walk was quite superb. Away down the steep slope of the hill, over the rich masses of bright and varied foliage, the eye wanders across the blue Mediterranean Straits to the blue hills of Spain, plain and clear from Cape Trafalgar to the Rock of Gibraltar, with the little Moorish town of Tarifa lying almost exactly opposite. On such a day as this was, a day of unusual brightness with a gentle wind blowing from the East, the straits were alive with ships, amongst which the Spanish feluches were darting to and fro like swallows on the wing.

The Cherifa apologised for not asking me in to

the house, but explained that it was contrary to Moorish custom, especially as her step-daughter, who was engaged to be married, was staying there. She showed me her two fine boys, four and six years old, with warrantable pride. The younger is the sturdier of the two, but the elder already speaks English, French, Spanish and Arabic, as a child speaks of course, but in each case with understanding and good pronunciation. I was sufficiently surprised to find myself walking about and talking without restraint with the Cherifa, just as though we had been in our native land, and felt a little uneasy as to what might happen if the Cherif were to return and find me there. Just as I was about to take leave I heard the trampling of horses, and the Grand Cherif himself rode up on a fine cream-coloured white-faced barb. He was accompanied by two attendants, also on horseback. He at once dismounted and came slowly to us. It was a fine scene. A stately, very portly, very dark man of fifty years, with an altogether typical face,—firm, fixed, and impassive—a man whose anger would be terrible and without remorse; but of evident

power and quiet dignity; this man silently and calmly coming along to where I was standing, a palpable trespasser and interloper. He was richly but plainly dressed, wearing the fez and blue jelabiah, but European waistcoat and trousers. I had plenty of time to observe him, for he came slowly, and I wondered whether behind that immovable face lay the command which story-tellers would assuredly have put there, "Sew this dog of a Christian in a sack, and cast him into the depths of the sea."

However, there was really no need for any kind of apprehension. The Cherifa introduced me, the Cherif shook hands with me, and told one slave to bring three chairs, and another to set the fountains playing, and then we sat down, and I explained to him exactly what I wished to be at, the Cherifa interpreting for me. He pondered over the matter a little, and then told me that he thought I might safely go, and that he would give me a letter to his son who was now the Cherif at Wazan, his lieutenant in fact. He added, that I must clearly understand that I went entirely on my own responsibility. He

did not think that I ran much risk unless I met with a fanatic, but, that as I was the first European to enter the Sacred City as a Christian, he wished that I would adopt at least the turban, jelabiah,[1] and slippers of the country. He thought that I should find them comfortable to travel in, whilst I should also attract less attention.

I inquired about the existence of ruins in the neighbourhood of Wazan, but he said, at that time, that he did not remember any. He strongly advised me not to attempt to enter the hill country to the south-east of Wazan, as his safe-conduct would be of little worth there. The rest of our conversation was chiefly about the relations between Spain and Morocco, and the unwisdom of the Moorish Government in not forming a much closer alliance with England. The Cherifa then proposed that we should look at their stud, and we went back to the courtyard in which I had dismounted. The people waiting there all came forward and kissed the clothes of the Cherif and Cherifa. The horses stand

[1] A jelabiah is a long outer cloak with a hood.

in stalls in the open air. Two of them were fine animals, an iron-grey horse which the Cherifa rides being a perfect picture.

I came away highly pleased with my kind and courteous reception. I was much impressed with the great tact and ability of the Cherifa, who is certainly a woman of remarkable power. It was pleasant to see how thoughtful and polite a husband she has got. I found afterwards, when speaking to some Arabs about it, that they were more surprised that the Cherif should give her his hand to mount from than that he should accompany her to hear the English Church service. As I rode home I could not but think that the fact that an English lady of so much ability occupies her peculiar position may one day be of importance both to Morocco and to England.

CHAPTER IV.

PREPARATION.

I NEED not go through the events of the three days following my visit to the Great Cherif. Part of them was taken up with coming to an arrangement with Mohammed Lamarti. I wished him to undertake to provide me with everything, men, mules, tents, and provisions, at a fixed sum per day, and I at length succeeded in bringing him down to the price of ten dollars, which, considering that the famine of 1878 had much increased the cost of all articles of food, I thought not unreasonable. We entered into a written agreement which was duly signed and sealed in the Consul's presence, and which was faithfully carried out.[1] I had fixed that no Jews were to be attached to the party in any capacity whatever. It

[1] A copy of this agreement will be found in the Appendix B.

would indeed have been little short of an insult to have travelled to the Sacred City with any other servants than Mohammedans.

The day before we started I had the tents pitched upon the beach, so that I might see that everything was in order. This is a precaution which should never be neglected. I had one of Edgington's three-poled tents, whilst the men had an ordinary conical one. Mohammed also provided me with a table and chair, the table consisting of a couple of boards hinged lengthwise, and resting on a simple stand, and the chair being made of cane and canvas. Both folded close and thus took up very little room. My mattress lay on palmetto matting at one side of the tent, leaving the other side free for luggage, &c. I strongly advise any one camping out in Morocco to take a low portable bedstead, and at night to put each of its feet into a little jar of diluted carbolic acid. This would save him much petty annoyance. An Ashanti hammock would answer the same purpose, and would be more easily carried.

I also purchased a fez, turban, jelabiah, and slippers, and here I made a mistake. I had been too deeply impressed by the constant repetition of the fact (no doubt as correct as most facts), that you cannot trust a Moor, and that the Moorish guides are less to be trusted than any other persons. I bought my costume myself from a Jewish store, being regularly measured for my jelabiah which was made of the coarse, common, dark grey cloth of the country. In less than a week my slippers and fez were to pieces, and my jelab was abandoned as useless. Fortunately I had, under Mohammed's advice, and for state occasions, purchased a costly jelabiah of blue superfine English cloth and ample dimensions, and he got me *en route* a pair of slippers which would stand any amount of wear and weather, but I should have been considerably in pocket, and should have avoided some discomfort, if I had acted under his advice from the first. No doubt, like all men pursuing their regular avocations, he is anxious to make the most he can out of his work, but I found him fair, scrupulous,

and clever in making many purchases for me so soon as we had established mutual confidence.

Whilst waiting for my preparations to be complete, I explored every nook and cranny of Tangier. The back slums are not more inviting than those of many European towns, but I think that too much has been said about their special dirtiness. There does not appear to be any proper system of drainage, and you may count in them as many distinct stenches as Coleridge found in Cologne. The streets are very narrow and close; but the plan of whitewashing the houses gives an appearance of cleanliness at any rate; and I certainly did not find any dwellings more utterly wretched and unfit for human habitation than exist in the poorest districts of all the large manufacturing towns with which I am acquainted.

As you go along the streets every now and again the hum of many voices strikes the ear. If you follow the sound it will lead you to a Mohammedan school. The children are all squatting on the floor, and rocking to and fro as they repeat after the master (who sits cross-

legged upon a low stool) portions of the Koran. Writing is taught in some schools at all events, but in all of those which I visited in Tangier and elsewhere the repetition of verses of the Koran was always going on. As a rule teacher and taught seemed to be doing their work with a will.

Only once had I any kind of an adventure, and it was but a small one. A friend in Gibraltar had given me an introduction to a Spanish Jew settled in Tangier upon whom I could draw for money. At the English Embassy a Moorish soldier volunteered to show me the way to his house. We had just left the main street, and I was following my guide up a narrow lane when I suddenly found myself seized as in a vice, and so adroitly that I could neither turn nor use my stick. I tried to strike, but my stick was caught and pressed against my left arm in such a way as to make me powerless. I jammed my invisible assailant up against the wall, and wrestled with him as well as I could, but, although I have felt the grip of Ulrich Lauener at a Schwingen Fest, and have been laid down

by many a Cumberland and Westmoreland champion, I never felt so utterly powerless before. The man did not try to throw me, or I should have gone at once; he simply held me in his iron grasp. The soldier hearing my struggling ran back to help me and was joined by a passer-by, but my assailant had to be fairly knocked senseless before I could be released, and I carried his marks for a considerable time. The poor wretch was dragged off as though he had been a dead beast, and I could never ascertain what became of him. Some men said that he was a beggar who adopted this peculiar mode of enforcing his claims upon my benevolence; others that he was a thief; and a few that he was a lunatic. The last, I believe, was the truth, and the adventure might have happened anywhere.

I was sorry to be unable to find out what was done with the poor fellow. I went several times to the great prisons, but could learn nothing about him. The square or open space in which the prisons stand is one of the few spots in Tangier which possess any architectural

pretensions, and you rarely visit it without finding a sketcher or photographer at work. You are freely allowed to enter the prisons and to inspect their inmates through holes about which they crowd, and out of which they thrust straw baskets, &c., which they have made for sale. There are about forty men in each apartment, and all are chained, many of them very heavily. I was told that men are often confined without trial; that dangerous lunatics and defaulting debtors are confined with criminals; and that the friends of the inmates are expected to find means for their support; but I had no opportunity of ascertaining whether these statements were true. It is not improbable: Morocco has not yet produced its John Howard or Elizabeth Fry; but England has not enjoyed the advantage of either of their labours for much more than a century.

One of the best points of view in Tangier itself is from a little terrace after you pass through a Moorish archway to the east of the prisons. You look down upon the greater part of the town and across the Bay to the

Angera Mountains with Djebel Moussa, the Apes' Mountain (so prominent an object from Gibraltar), rising high amongst them, whilst to the south lie the gentler hills which more immediately border the town. As the prisons and fort are on much higher ground than the greater part of the town, you have also from this point an extensive view of flat house-roofs, and through your opera-glass you may see upon them many a gathering of ladies to discuss affairs in general. I cannot say that you can thus form any opinion of their personal appearance. The Moorish women in Tangier seemed to me to be particularly careful to keep their faces muffled up, but they do not as a rule wear the yask-mak. So far as I could see it is adopted more usually at Wazan and in Tetuan than in Tangier.

To an Englishman used to be fully occupied; accustomed to communicate with others by electricity, and to travel by punctual express trains; to live in haste;—the absolute worthlessness of time, and the leisurely movements of the Moors, are at first exceedingly irksome. I found the

arrangements for my little journey and the many delays so annoying that I frequently thought of giving it up altogether. And yet with a little patience you soon become used to the slower life, and find in it much of that very change and rest which we too often seek in rushing wildly about from one scene of excitement to another.

I received a note from the Cherifa on the 8th October to say that my promised letter had been delayed by the non-arrival of the Cherif's secretary, and that the Cherif wished to see Mohammed Lamarti before we started, as he had thought of some ruins in the neighbourhood of Wazan which I should visit. Whilst we were at dinner that evening, a most marvellous messenger from the Cherif was introduced to our little company. He was jet-black, wore a short striped jelab, yellow slippers, and a little red silk turban, in which he carried the invaluable letter sealed with two precious seals. He bore an immense matchlock in one hand and a sort of billhook in the other, whilst round him was swung a great dagger. I have seldom

seen so picturesque a man, but he looked sufficiently wild to make a child have ugly dreams.

The letter was indeed invaluable. Wherever it was produced it served as an instant passport and made my way smooth. Of its contents I knew nothing until I returned to Tangier, and what I then learned the patient reader shall know by and by.

CHAPTER V.

ON THE ROAD.

As Mohammed Lamarti had to go out to the mountain to see the Cherif our start had to be somewhat postponed. We had intended to leave at eight in the morning, and Mohammed wished us to pass through Tangier in a sort of procession, but that I refused to consent to. When I went down to the consulate on the morning of the 9th October to get a letter from the Bashaw of Tangier to the Bashaw of Wazan, which Mr. White thought it better that I should be provided with, I learned that Mohammed's youngest boy, a child of five years of age, had died in the night. I naturally supposed that the journey would have to be further postponed, but was speedily assured that such would not be the case. Mohammed had himself already buried the child, and had gone over to the mountain.

He arrived at my hotel about eleven o'clock with my mule, ready for the start.

To an Englishman there seems to be something painfully callous about the way in which children are buried both in Morocco and Spain. Near the Alhambra at Granada I saw the funeral of a little child. It was not laid in a coffin but on a sort of trestle, and was gaily dressed and wreathed with flowers. Children laughing and talking bore the bier; the only grown-up person present being the poor weeping mother. I spoke to Mohammed about his child, and he said that his wife was much distressed about its loss, but, as for him, he had not seen much of it; it was yet very young; it perhaps was already better off; others in time would take its place; and so forth. It is not at all uncommon in our own country to hear similar expressions from unconventional men. I watched the treatment of children by their parents closely, and it seemed to me that the Moors were very like other men in this respect. Some were naturally affectionate, and delighted in the presence of their children even when they

were very young. More seemed to begin to care about them when they had grown out of infancy; but it would be difficult, without further evidence than I obtained, to speak of the people generally as a race devoid of natural affection.

It may be useful, as a guide to any one not used to such expeditions who may wish to follow me, to specify the luggage which I took with me into the interior. I had a small portmanteau containing articles of clothing, a few maps, Galton's *Art of Travel*, and one or two other books, and a little medicine chest filled with safe and simple medicines. This portmanteau weighed 26lbs. I had a saddle-bag in which I carried cartridges sorted in half-pound cigar-boxes. It weighed 24 pounds. Then I had a large square hamper which fastened with a padlock, and the contents of which I give in the Appendix (C). I may however mention that the most useful articles it contained were night-lights, seidlitz powders, rhubarb pills and coloured fires:—the uses to which these were put will appear in the sequel. The weight of the hamper was 54 lbs. I also took a roll of

wraps containing a large and thick maud, a thin overcoat, water-proof coat and leggings, and blue jelabiah. The last article was of frequent service, and the maud I used once. The other things I could have dispensed with, but it must be borne in mind that I had no wet weather to face.

I carried a revolver and a large hunting-knife in a belt round my waist, but concealed under my jelabiah. Most of the people of the country go about armed, and I think it is wise to have the materials with you even if you do not get much time for shooting. As for protection against thieves you do not need any. It is not necessary for a traveller in the *north-west* of Africa to shoot several men if one of their tribe commits petty theft, and, so far as my experience goes, you are quite as safe from attack in Morocco as in England, and certainly much safer from petty theft than in any other country I know excepting Norway. If a number of men made up their minds to attack you when upon the march, they would choose some wooded spot where they could be concealed so close to the track that your chances of escape and of using

a defensive weapon with success would be about equally worthless.

I think I rather overdid the belts. I carried my money in a broad money-belt next the skin; I had a silk faja wound two or three times round my waist, and the sporting belt over all. No one should omit the faja. It is an excellent guardian against sudden chills, colic, and the like.

The mules were all loaded and we were fairly under way by half past eleven. I adopted the big, comfortable Moorish saddle and roomy stirrups, and had no cause to think that I had made a mistake. Compared with other riding tours where I have used the English saddle, I am inclined to think that this was the less fatiguing. The Moorish saddle is difficult to get into, and, with a vicious mule, you would scarcely be able to get a satisfactory grip; but once into it, and with a fairly quiet beast, you are in luxurious ease. You must never forget to examine the stirrup leathers before you mount. They are usually knotted each day, and the knot is so placed as to come against the calf of the

leg just at the top of the shin-bone, and if you ride with bare legs, and ride fast or far, it will inevitably make a painful and awkward wound. There is no reason why the knot should be made at that special point excepting that it is rather easier for the maker, — a very little more trouble will put it quite out of harm's way.

We had four baggage mules, each of which seemed to bear quite as much as it should do, but had to carry a muleteer as well. Mohammed Lamarti led the way. Then came the cook, a Tangerine,—slow, improvident, but fairly good—a man with but a scanty allowance of brains, and very poor, habitually wearing no clothing which could with decency be dispensed with. He certainly did not look like a cook, but he was personally clean, and careful in his culinary operations; in all else he was the poorest man I had; not only in pocket. My valet, waiter, and general handy-man was called Souci, but I soon had to rè-christen him Sans-souci. He was a bonny Tunisian lad of twenty, as gay and careless as a lad could be; provokingly

forgetful, but devoted and faithful, and in sickness as gentle and tender as a woman. My fourth man was a great character. He wore the peculiar, conical fez which may only be worn by those who have made the pilgrimage to Mecca and have thereby won the title of Hadji. Hadji Mohammed did not "strike twelve the first time"; indeed I wondered at first what part the oldish man with weather-beaten face, whose peculiar nose and chin reminded me so forcibly of a wooden nut-cracker, was designed to play; but he proved the best of all long before we finished. He was a sportsman, and carried an old-fashioned single-barrelled gun which was looked upon with much respect, because it was fired with percussion caps. He was also an habitual joker, and, unlike most wits, could stand any amount of chaff and joking at his own expense. Our party would have been a sorry one indeed but for Hadji.

We followed the highway to Fez, which is perhaps more travelled than any other in Morocco, and yet it is not a road at all in our sense of the word; it is only a broad track. The

country people were streaming homewards from the Thursday's market, and the way was quite thronged by them. The surrounding country was not interesting; here and there we passed a little village,[1] its houses surrounded with cactus hedges, but for the most part we traversed a great plain in a south-westerly direction, with fine views of distant mountains wonderfully purple in hue. The scene constantly recalled to me Herbert's fresco of the "Giving of the Law," both the landscape and the people were so like those he has depicted. Before long we joined a great caravan of camels heavily laden and *en route* for Fez, and I much enjoyed watching the big, patient brutes quietly making their way across the sandy desert plain. There was little bird-life about us—a few large hawks floated in the air, an occasional gold-finch flitted across the path; but we saw nothing out of the common.

[1] These villages were rudely built of stone, and each of them was therefore a *Dchar* (pl. *Dchour*) as distinguished from a *Douar*, a village of tents. M. Tissot, the French Minister in Morocco, and the most recent authority, says that the Dchar is essentially Berber, and the Douar always Arab.

The whole plain was alive with large locust-like grass-hoppers; the chief plant was the bright, green palmetto occasionally in flower; but there were great numbers of big bulbs which, earlier in the season when in leaf and flower, must be marked features of the landscape. After three hours' riding we left the track and forded a little river (which Mohammed called Mar-har) at the point where there are scanty remains of a brick and stone bridge which appeared to me to be Roman. We then entered upon an awful land—a land on which nothing grew but the skeletons of big, cruel thistles:

> "I think I never saw
> Such starved, ignoble nature; nothing throve."

The distant horizon was speedily hidden by fog; we began to climb a rough hill-side where,

> "As for the grass, it grew as scant as hair
> In leprosy."

The caked ground was cracked in every direction, and gaped ominously. At times it sounded hollow beneath the mule's feet, and it did at

length give way with one of the baggage mules, both man and beast coming a tremendous cropper, and the load rolling all over them. Then I first saw Mohammed Lamarti in his element. He was off his mule with a speed and agility which astonished me, and a perfect storm of language, oaths and orders inextricably blended, were showered down upon the unfortunate cook and mule. But they soon picked themselves up and seemed all the better for their adventure, and shortly afterwards we reached our camping-place at Seguidla.[1] We had been riding for four hours. Whilst the tents were being pitched I wandered up to a steep, rocky cliff at the foot of which were a few little earth huts which reminded me of Irish cabins. When I returned I found the tents standing within a few yards of each other, and the mules tethered in line between them, the forefeet of each being fastened by a double palmetto cord which passed at each end round a peg well driven into the ground. The

[1] I give this name as Mohammed pronounced it, but I have not been able to identify it. It was not the usual camping place.

soldier who was to accompany us, and who should have joined us at Tangier, was riding up on a very tall and thin black horse. He was a handsome old man, prettily dressed in a pale blue cloth jelab with a delicate white haika over it, short breeches of the same blue cloth as the jelab, and red fez with a particularly good turban round it. There is a great difference in turbans, some men winding them much more artistically than others; and I have heard Europeans say that the size and convolutions express half-hidden meanings. This may be the case, although all of the Arabs I asked about it simply laughed at the idea. My soldier carried a very fine sword with a rhinoceros-horn hilt, but no other weapons. He was normally a silent man with a mild, sad expression of countenance, but waxed hot in argument at times, and, when fairly roused, acted with much determination and energy. Hadji Mohammed had been a soldier at the time of the last Spanish war, and was fond of explaining how the Moors were on the very point of driving the Spaniards into the sea when a shameful and treacherous peace was signed.

My soldier Arbi took the government view, and would remonstrate gently with Hadji, who instantly blazed up fiercely. Then "would begin a battle grim and great:" the disputants would ride close up to each other; they would pour out floods of hot Arabic simultaneously; gesticulate furiously; quite pant for breath; until Hadji would leap from his mule and throw off his sacred fez, and dance upon it in wild childish fury, and Arbi would begin to handle his sword significantly. I knew Hadji's gun was harmless, for I had to supply him with caps and purposely kept him short, and when the dispute reached this point I always closed it by riding up between them and saying in Arabic and English combined, "'Mliah,[1] stop this row." In a minute there would be perfect peace. I am afraid that there was sometimes, when the way was dull and long, a malicious question addressed to Hadji about the war or the comparative merits of Spaniards and Moors as fighting animals, and such a question never missed fire.

I was a little anxious about my cook's powers,

[1] *'Mliah*, my men taught me, meant "all right."

but the first dinner in the desert removed all further fears upon that score. He gave me excellent rice-soup, boiled beef, boiled fowl, and potatoes with their jackets on, followed by admirable coffee and white bread. As I was travelling in a teetotal land I carried no wine with me: my bottle of brandy was brought back nearly untouched, and my hollands only diminished by one glass given for a special medicinal purpose to one of my patients at Wazan. I believe that Mohammedans will at times drink wine when pressed to do so, but they think it wrong, and I do not see why we should not entirely respect their religious scruples whenever we can do so without an abandonment of our own.

It was a fine night after the hot day, but a strong, warm wind sprang up about eight o'clock and tested the capabilities of our tents to the uttermost. They stood the test well and mine proved itself a most comfortable resting-place.

CHAPTER VI.

DRUIDICAL REMAINS AT MAZORAH.

ARZILA.

THE first night of tent life was a complete success. Just as I was going to sleep a big beetle sat down on my forehead, and caused me to open a tin of Keating's insect powder which fully answered its purpose when laid plentifully on face and pillow, but for that time only. Mohammed brought my bath at half past five, and coffee and eggs were speedily ready, but it was seven o'clock before we could start. It was still very misty, although clear enough to show that our bivouac had been within a short distance of the Atlantic at the spot where the little river, Mar-har, enters it. We rode along a marshy plain until we approached the sea, and then turned suddenly to the South and climbed a low, but steep pass, through rocky

hills which were covered with dwarf trees, most of which apparently were cork trees. A great caravan of camels was coming down the rough and narrow path, and it was interesting to see how cleverly they picked their way so as to avoid the rocky bits as much as possible. From the top of the pass we had a fine view of distant mountains to the south and east, and to the west of sea-coast fringed by the white breakers of the Atlantic. The descent was long but gradual, and then we entered upon a wearisome plain which seemed quite interminable. At this season of the year the plains are, for the most part, burnt up, and little is to be seen but the skeletons of thistles, often more than four feet tall, bleached with the sun, and hard and cruel to ride through. We saw, about ten o'clock, a ruin on a little hill not far from the track, and I rode across to it and examined it. It has evidently been a large fort or small fortified town. On the south are the remains of a wall which has had several towers, and, behind it, there are four chambers, those at the ends measuring twenty-four feet

by twelve, and those in the centre twenty-four feet by twenty-one. There are traces of a similar set of rooms to the south. The walls are about nine feet high; those inside are of cement, and those outside of rubble walling. In one of these chambers I came upon a small owl which was busily at work dissecting a partridge. He flew gravely away to his nest on the western-most tower, where he watched my operations. The Arabs never tease or shoot these birds, and they are consequently curiously tame. There are two other clusters of buildings similar in character, a short distance higher up the hill. The only peculiar feature of the ruins is the walling upon which the outer towers stand. It is composed of large blocks of stone cemented together, and has an appearance of Roman work, which certainly does not belong to the rest of the place. Mohammed Lamarti called it El Garbia, and said that it had been a Roman town; but the term "Roman" is freely employed in Morocco to characterise that which is ruined. There appears to be considerable reason for the belief

that these ruins are the remains of the station Ad Mercuri, the first of the Roman stations after leaving Tangier.[1] Garbia is the name of the whole district, and I now experienced for the first time the difficulty which there is in identifying these places in Morocco. Not only is the orthography "at discretion," but the name of the district is given to all the places in it. Thus this ruin was Garbia, and our resting place an hour's ride further on was still Garbia.

The heat had become intense before we reached that resting-place. It was in a melon garden which rejoiced in a well, and artificial shade had to be resorted to, for there were no large trees near us. I sat in a palmetto bush, and was much startled, in the midst of my breakfast, by the sudden rush of a red-legged partridge almost from under my feet. The people who passed were few in number and went leisurely along. Two well-to-do Moors rode

[1] I should suppose, from the character of the work, that the Moors had in their turn occupied and adapted the buildings of the Romans, and that the chambers I have mentioned are relics of their work.

gravely by, and were met and stopped by two men accompanied by a woman carrying a baby. Then began a long discussion which became very violent, the woman being especially loud and emphatic. Long after her companions had walked wearily on, and the riders were pushing forward, she continued to run back after them and to cry out bitter words. Mohammed said that the poor people had been treated unjustly by the rich riders, and that they were on their way to Fez to appeal to the Sultan, but that they would be wiser to stay where they were. He evidently did not believe in their getting their wrongs redressed. He could not make out what the precise injury had been, but he thought it arose out of some government levy.

These levies are the chief curse of the country. In Morocco the government only exists for the purpose of screwing money out of the people for the benefit of the Sultan and his ministers. Few of the ordinary functions of government are performed. With a comparatively small sum of money expended in sanitary arrangements the towns might be made Hygeias; with a little

outlay upon irrigation works the vast plains of the country would become almost inconceivably fertile; but nothing whatever is done. The great sums of money wrung from the patient, loveable, industrious people, are squandered away over a profligate prince and a worthless court. Not only are taxes levied upon all agricultural produce, and the exportation of grain forbidden, whilst there are heavy duties upon all goods exported and imported; but there are gate duties levied upon the goods which camels bring to any town, like the miserable old thorough tolls which are not yet unknown even in England. The whole system of tax-collecting is bad; the regular tariff is constantly set aside, and arbitrary levies are made upon such men as are supposed to have gathered a little money together. If they do not pay, their goods, cattle, and houses are sold, and the men themselves are often cast into prison; and it is alleged that they are frequently subjected to torture to extort from them that which they sometimes have not got. Since leaving Morocco I have heard of a poor man, living near Tangier, whose only oxen have been

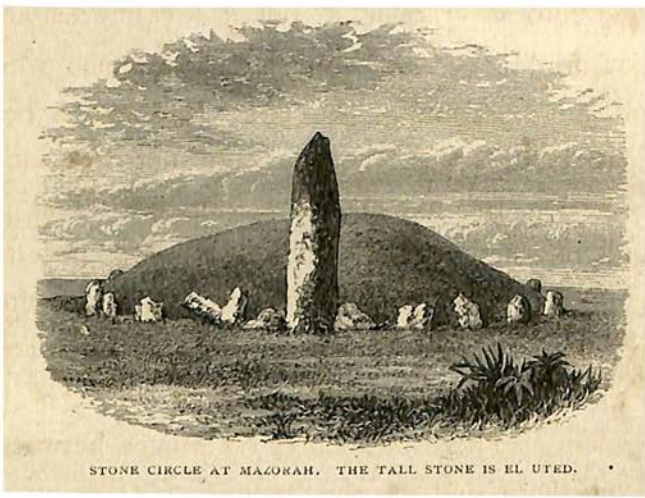
seized and sold, leaving him quite unable to prepare his ground for this year's crops. It is small wonder that one or another of the independent hill tribes should always be in a state of rebellion. Most of the wars which the Sultan is perpetually waging against them are to compel them to pay taxes. They not unnaturally refuse, seeing that they get nothing in return.

We kept the highway to Fez for an hour and a quarter after leaving our breakfast place, and then reached a wood of the largest olive trees I had ever seen, and even those I shall have to mention hereafter were not finer than these. One of them appeared to have seven distinct trunks, and was of immense girth, its long branches sweeping the ground. Mohammed called the wood Bar-ian, and said that a famous saint, Mohammed Beni Ali, was buried in it. Here we left our muleteers under Hadji Mohammed's charge, with instructions to go to a village about four miles off, and near Arzila, and there to pitch the tents and get dinner ready whilst I visited El Uted, accompanied by Mohammed Lamarti and the soldier.

We struck off to the east, having the great olive wood on our immediate left hand, and rode over bare, undulating plains, under the burning sun, for an hour, when we came in sight of the quaint little village of Mazorah. Its houses are widely scattered; they are built of rough blocks of a very yellow and soft sandstone, and have thatched roofs. Each has a garden surrounded by a high thick cactus hedge. "El Uted" means "the pointer," and the stone which bears this name stands at the due west point of a Druidical circle some two hundred and twenty yards in circumference, surrounding a low hill or mound of the soft yellow sandstone of the country, which is perhaps fifteen feet high. The top of this hill is flat. Placing the compass exactly in the centre, the chief stone which is now standing (El Uted) is exactly to the west. It is more than twenty feet high, and is elegantly shaped, having evidently been worked upon.[1] Going round the circle from the west to the east, you

[1] There is still a tradition amongst the natives that the dove sent forth by Noah from the Ark first alighted on El Uted.

come at the south-west point to the base of a stone which has apparently been similar in character, and probably in size, to El Uted itself. Between these two and at tolerably regular intervals there are now fourteen stones standing: the seventh and eighth of them are



STONE CIRCLE AT MAZORAH. THE TALL STONE IS EL UTED.

parts of one stone which has been broken; the eighth lying a little out of the circle. This stone, if perfect, would be about five feet high. Due south from the centre of the hill there is another stone similar in shape to those at the west and south-west, and about six feet high. There are seven stones between it and

that on the south-west. Continuing the circle towards the east you find five more, the second of them having evidently been a large one and slightly shaped. There is then a wide gap, but there are two more just as you reach a high and very thick cactus hedge. I did all I could to get into it or over it, but it was impossible, and I frightened the little naked urchins, who were in possession of the house the hedge belonged to, so much, that I could not get into the garden, but the hedge was so broad that it would not have helped me greatly had I done so. The eastern part of the circle is thus quite lost for the present, but the stones again occur on the north side, and that due north is a large one. There are thirty-six stones between the northern end of the hedge and the great stone from which we began to count, so that there are now sixty-seven stones in all forming the circle.

But this circle is only a small portion of the Druidical remains at Mazorah. Beginning with the big stone in the circle which is exactly north of the centre, we find the large fragment of

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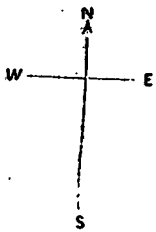
PLAN OF

EL UTED.



Cottage and Garden.

Principal Group.

Cottage.

Cactus Hedge and Cott

another thirty yards due north of it, and a third one much larger eighty yards due north of the second. Crossing the circle, and proceeding due south, we again find two stones bearing the same relative positions. I did not find any other remains to the south although there may be some in the gardens which abound in that direction. I gave the most of my time to those on the north and west where the ground is more open.

Returning then to the more distant of the stones on the north, we find to the east of it a group which has evidently at one time been regularly arranged, but I was unable to make out what the order had been. One of these stones is a fine pointer, not so large as the well-known pointer at Stonehenge, but reminding one forcibly of it, and, like it, arranged so as to point due east to the horizon.

Two hundred yards due north of that to which we have returned there are five large stones all lying together, and which have possibly once formed a trilithon similar to those so common at Stonehenge. The largest of the

five was six feet long and ten feet round. They (as most of the stones I examined) bore evidences of labour having been expended upon them although I found no trace of carving.

Again returning to the circle and proceeding forty yards to the north-west, we find the fragments of two great stones shaped like the large one still standing, and a pointer marking the north-west point of the horizon. Slightly more to the west, and a hundred yards from the circle, lies an enormous shaped stone, but it, as well as those last mentioned, have been sadly injured. Indeed the hand of Time and the hands of man are both at work to destroy this curiously interesting place, and the stones are rapidly being covered up or whittled away.

The finest remains are to the west of the circle. Two hundred yards in front of the large stone (El Uted) there lie a number of very big ones which are nearly all shaped. A little to the south-west there is a group of seventeen which gave me the idea of having once formed a kind of vast portal. They are much the largest of all. One, which has

evidently been broken, is still fifteen feet long and twenty feet round, and a fragment lying close to it and certainly belonging to it would add five feet more to its length. Very near to this group, but slightly in advance and to the west, there are three more, also of vast size, which have doubtless formed a trilithon. It was most interesting to find that the same plan exactly had been adopted here as at Stonehenge of fixing the horizontal stone to the perpendicular ones by a deep mortice at each end fitting upon the tenor of the upright.

None of the stones were of the soft sandstone of the district, but they appeared to me to be of mountain limestone, and must have been brought from a distance.

Mohammed and the soldier were very patient, and helped me in some of my measurements, but they were much amused by my unbounded delight in these wonderful remains. I have always thought Stonehenge, and the circle known as "Meg and her Daughters" near Penrith, and the smaller circle near Keswick, the most touching of the many

monuments of the past which England contains. And now in a far-off land to come upon such striking evidences of the vanished faith which long ages since enthralled and exalted the souls of men, here in Africa and at home alike, was to my mind deeply affecting.

The country people who came up to watch me were kind and courteous, holding the mules, and evincing altogether a desire to assist me.

The remains of Druidical works at Mazorah have been observed and described by other travellers in North Morocco. Monsieur E. Renou speaks of them (from Mr. Davidson's description) as being of Roman origin, and suggests that they correspond to the second Roman station from Tangier, Ad Novar. Mr. Davidson himself does not give any opinion as to their origin, but his brother in editing his notes says that the account of them "cannot fail to strike those who have seen or heard of the circles at Stonehenge." Mr. Davidson visited the ruins in 1835 and they seem to have been much more perfect then than when I saw them. Neither Sir Arthur de Capell Brooke

who examined them in 1830, nor Mr. Farley who visited them about 1860, seems to have seen anything which in any way suggested Roman work: I certainly did not.

It was past four o'clock when we set out for our camp, and, taking a short cut, we speedily lost ourselves upon a boundless hilly moor. We rode on and on for miles, through one deep gorge after another, amongst masses of heather in blossom (white heather being more abundant than I ever saw it before), and perfect jungles of palmetto bushes. We did not raise a single partridge, but we saw an eagle and a solitary heron, and more hawks than I had seen in my previous life put together, and of more kinds than I knew there were. In one glen, where the thistles and heather were being burned, I counted up to fifty within quite a small space, and gave up counting in despair. The only people we met were an old man with a pretty young wife riding upon a little Barbary donkey. The lady sat in front and sideways (most Moorish ladies ride cross-legged), and from the tender manner in which

the old man tended her, I judged that matrimony was a recent experiment with him. They put us in the right direction, and, crossing the Fez track, we speedily reached the village where we expected to find our camp.

We could get no tidings whatever of it, or of our men, and, as night was fast approaching, we pushed on wearily to Arzila down a fine valley through which ran a little stream alive with fish and tortoises. Crossing many sand hills we came at last to the sea shore, and the picturesque walls of Arzila were before us. Beautiful indeed they looked, surrounded as they are by gardens and greenery from which great towers peep up, and with the mighty Atlantic breaking upon the long reef of rocks which jut out just in front of the sea gate. Upon these rocks were perched several fishermen in the scantiest costume; outside the gate sat beggars, soldiers, and idlers; great hawks were wheeling high above, bats flitting across the path as we entered, and the streets of the little town were filled with merry people.

We made our way to the house of Ben

Sheitan,[1] a venerable Jew who is a sort of unattached sub-agent to the English legation at Tangier, and who keeps a funny little fondak (inn) well known to English travellers in Morocco. Here we found our men, who had tired of expecting us at the proper camping place, and had come on in the belief that they would find us already here. Mohammed gave them a lecture upon implicit obedience with so much energy that I was afraid he would bring on an apoplectic fit. I was not sorry to see the inside of this curious little house, or cluster of houses.

For the odd part of the business was, that you could never tell exactly where you were, which was the street, and which was your house, and which was somebody else's house. We seemed to pass from the street into a court-yard, and then from the courtyard I certainly entered my bedroom; but persons who did not live in the rooms above mine were constantly

[1] I give this name as Ben Sheitan himself gave it to me. I questioned him carefully about it as it seemed to be possibly a nick-name only. But we have Mandeville and the German Man-teuffel, which are only a shade more complimentary.

coming and going, apparently into other houses, through arched doors in the same courtyard; and, if the place beyond the court was really the street, my dinner was being cooked in the street beyond a doubt. The courtyard was exquisitely clean, the walls whitewashed, and the floor of red bricks. It was covered with an awning, and at each side there was an arch over which hung a curtain: when this curtain was down Ben Sheitan's house apparently consisted of a little hall from which you passed into my bedroom through another Moorish arch, or ascended a steep flight of steps to two or three other rooms and a wooden gallery along one side of the hall.

It was difficult to tub properly that evening, for, although Ben-Sheitan and a fair Jewess brought abundance of clear cold water and admirable towels, I could not persuade either of them to retire. Indeed, too much attention was the only thing I had to complain of that night. I dined as well as bathed in the hall, and, as I found that the curtain was constantly being raised, I had it removed, and a constant

succession of townspeople watched my every movement, whilst Ben Sheitan talked away to me incessantly in Spanish, a language I know but little of.

At length I showed him the letter Sir Moses Montefiore had given me, and he disappeared. His place was taken by several pretty Jewesses who were sufficiently amused and amusing. They brought a number of children who stood in the court (which really answers to the Spanish *patio*) and sang very prettily to me in unison. When Ben Sheitan returned he brought with him other venerable men, and we repaired to my bedroom, and had a long and diverting conversation, neither party understanding the other. At length I sent for Mohammed, and there was a general interchange of civilities, and it was peculiarly pleasant to find how warm a feeling of gratitude existed here also to that great benefactor of his Moorish brethren, Sir Moses Montefiore. Ben Sheitan produced a wonderful bottle of gin which he insisted on my drinking from, but neither he nor any of his companions would join me either in that

or in smoking. They all departed before nine o'clock, and I began to write my journal and letters, but my venerable host stuck by me to the last, and only went away when I was ready to get into bed.

When he had closed the heavy folding doors which sealed up my room I was at length at leisure to examine it fully. It was about thirty feet long and eight wide, and had no windows. The floor was covered with mats, and here and there a bit of fine wood-work, all red and blue and gold, hung against the white-washed wall. The bedstead filled one end of the room, and was of a preposterous height. The doorway was quite a work of art. The fine horse-shoe arch was filled with two great gates fastened at the top by a large wooden bar, and each gate had a small doorway through it, opening with a hasp, and fastening with a small bolt which I did not use. I never bolted the door of any room I slept in whilst in Morocco, and I had no reason to think that it would have been wiser to have taken the precaution.

CHAPTER VII.

BY THE WAY.

It is of little use to ask a native of Morocco, whether he be Mohammedan or Jew, if there are any mosquitoes in the part of the country he chances to inhabit. He is certain to tell you that there are none, and it is equally certain that you will have reason to doubt his truthfulness if you pass a night in the pseudo-enviable spot where these torments are supposed not to be found. But the fact is, that the natives have grown so accustomed to them that they do not observe them. Ben Sheitan assured me that they never entered my bedroom, and showed me a bunch of fragrant herbs near the bed which would charm them away if they ventured upon the attempt. Nevertheless, I tied my head and neck up carefully in a gauze net made for the purpose, and the candle was

scarcely out when I heard the loud triumphant ping of a winged army of tormentors. In vain they settled on my net, and tried it in every spot; in vain they flew away but to return speedily with the same rejoicing cry: they only sang me to sleep, and when I awakened in the morning, the song of triumphant joy had faded into a wail of despair, and so wearied were the foes by repeated fruitless assaults that I slaughtered nine of them right off upon the pillow and curtains.

The mules were tired with yesterday's hard work, so we resolved to take it easy to-day. I went with Mohammed to explore the town after breakfast. It is a place of much interest and antiquity, occupying the site of the Roman Zilia or Zilis. The Arab historian Edrisi, writing in the middle of the twelfth century, calls it "a very little town of which really but little remains. It is surrounded with walls. They drink there water from wells." Leo Africanus, writing early in the sixteenth century, speaks of it as "the great city of Arzila." He tells of how it was built by the Romans,

taken by the Goths, won by the Mohammedans, besieged and wasted by the English so that for thirty years it was without inhabitants; "re-edified, and by all means augmented, enriched, and fortified by the Mohammedan patriarchs of Cordova when lords of Mauritania;" and that at this time it was a populous and wealthy city, the inhabitants of which were noted for learning and courage; then he tells that it was suddenly surprised and taken by the "Portugals;" and he ends his account of it with a gallant but unsuccessful attempt by the king of Fez to retake it, in which Leo himself took part. The Portuguese abandoned it in 1545, and since then it has gradually decayed until it is once more a "very little town."

We first made calls upon several Moors, one of whom had built a large and pretty warehouse which he showed us over with much pride. It was filled with skins, grain, clothes, &c. We then went round the walls, which are still in many places forty to fifty feet high, and examined the grand old castle and castle yard, and the numerous gateways and towers. It would be

difficult to find a place more full of pictures: on one side the splendid world of waters, on all the others rich gardens. The walls have been surrounded by a moat, but it is much filled up, and is in some places quite level with the surrounding country. Here and there are fine date palms. In the castle yard there has sprung up quite a village all embowered in orange and lemon trees. Indeed the whole place is quaint, picturesque, and bowery, the contrast between the brown old crumbling walls and the bright fresh greenery of their surroundings being unusually fine.

Before we left Arzila we paid a long and very pleasant visit to the Bashaw, who has been recently appointed—a fine looking, dignified old man, exquisitely dressed. He sat in a room open to the street, and near the gate where there is a kind of square. The room was beautifully clean, and was decorated with tiles and arabesques in what we commonly speak of as "Moorish fashion." I was introduced by Mohammed and by my soldier, who had got himself up for the occasion and looked really handsome. They left their slippers at the door, and knelt down

and kissed the Bashaw's hand, and then, withdrawing to one side, continued kneeling during the interview. The great man was seated on a cushion on a raised dais, but got up and shook hands with me, afterwards kissing his own hand and placing it on his heart. A young man, sitting near him, did likewise, and then I was given a cushion on the Bashaw's right, and was made welcome. He asked me several questions about England; my opinion of Morocco; what was the last news about the payment of the Moorish tribute to Spain, &c. Then he sent for his secretary, a stately Arab, and dictated a letter of introduction to the Kaid of a village where he suggested that we should sleep that night, and near which he thought I should get some good partridge shooting. He then showed me a marvellous saddle and bridle which the Sultan had just presented to him. There were fourteen saddle-cloths under the saddle itself, each of the softest silk and wool, differing in delicate shades of neutral colours: all the straps and the gilded stirrups were embroidered in exquisite patterns. Then we exchanged many

compliments. They declared that the English and 'Moors were brothers and should always be united. They congratulated me upon being the first European to enter Wazan. I had still some lingering suspicions about these "gentle Moors," and should have been glad if they could have added "and to leave it." I spoke to them of the beauty of their climate, and of the courteous hospitality which I had already experienced, and also of the great Cherif, towards whom and whose sons they evinced feelings of the deepest reverence. They also spoke with a satisfaction (for which I was not then prepared) of his having married an English wife. The Bashaw joked me a little about the coarse woollen cloth jelabiah which I was wearing, but I explained to him that it was not my Sunday's best. Whilst I was with him his petitioners were kept at a distance, but I afterwards saw two or three of them admitted. They knelt down and kissed his hands or knees, and continued to kneel while they stated their desires. I never saw this done elsewhere, and I did not learn why it was the plan adopted here. During our

interview (which lasted more than an hour) I had a good opportunity of seeing the feet of the Bashaw and his attendants, as they were quite bare. They were goodly to look upon, well-formed and scrupulously clean, the nails being admirably shaped and carefully attended to. There are certainly many advantages in the constant use of easy slippers. It is said that when Dr. Rohlfs was travelling in Morocco as a Mohammedan, he was in great peril because the man who knelt behind him in the Mosque saw corns upon his feet, and knew that he could not have been "unto the manner born."

When I quitted the Bashaw we had a cordial leave-taking, and he sent one of his companions to escort me out of the town. Ben Sheitan walked at one side of my mule, and the stately Moor at the other, until we had passed through the city gate and were fairly on the road to Larache. Then they gracefully wished me a happy journey, and that "when I came to my house I might find my family in health and peace." There was something to my mind touchingly sweet in the simple kindness and courtesy of these much

maligned Moors to me, "a stranger in a strange land."

It was a misty morning when we started, but, as we rode across the sandy plains, the sun drove the mist away, and we had again a glorious day. Soon we came to the hills, and went up and down through great woods of small trees, chiefly myrtle, cork, and olive, for a couple of hours. It was a great pity that we had no dog with us, for we several times passed the recent spoor of wild boars. Towards mid-day, we entered upon a plain country with a river running through it, and well wooded hills on either side. We halted for breakfast on the outskirts of a great market which is held at Tlata Raisana every Saturday. These markets are one of the chief features of country life in Morocco. Every week the spot where they are held is a scene of busy, noisy life for one day, and a desert place for the remaining six; often (as in this instance) without a house near to it. We went into the market, and did some shopping with the country-folk. It was capital fun. They were

so picturesque, and polite, and yet full of good humour, that we were inclined to linger over the work of buying, and I went all through the great multitude over and over again. There was a camp of soldiers under some big trees close by, which added much to the picturesqueness of the scene. We paid our respects to their captain, who was an agreeable fellow, full of fun, and who showed himself inclined to make us comfortable, and to help us in any way he could. After breakfast, we had a hot hill ride for two hours and a half, and I was not sorry when, after traversing a weary, sandy desert, we reached the pretty village of El Khmis, about half past three o'clock. The Kaid, to whom I had an introduction, was not at home. Some of his horses had been stolen, and he was pursuing the thieves. We chose a pleasant camping place on a level piece of grass adjoining the village, and Hadji Mohammed and I at once went off to look after the partridges. It was great fun to watch Hadji, as we irreverently called him. We first went through a wood of olive trees, he with his

finger constantly on his lips, and walking on tip-toe, and with the one object of getting a sitting shot. We soon set up some wood-pigeons, one of which fell to me, but Hadji religiously refused to shoot at anything on the wing. Then we beat through a lot of palmetto bushes, and got the aid of two black boys who were watching sheep. We worked patiently on for a couple of hours without seeing a single partridge, although we raised unnumbered hawks which had probably been more successful. It was really hard work, for the hills were steep and the bushes thick, but it was sufficiently amusing. As we came back we passed a farm to which many camels were being driven home for the night. There was something peculiarly strange and eastern about these great melancholy brutes winding up the hill, thrusting their long necks and patient faces from side to side, as if surveying the country with some definite object. As we neared the village we had to pass a dead horse, upon which a wretched cur was feeding, and which sent forth a pestilential odour. Such sights are of constant occurrence

in all parts of the land. The lanes about the village itself were really pretty, winding amongst great cactus hedges, and shaded by plentiful orange trees, and everywhere the ground was gay with the autumn crocus. The prickly pear which covered the hedges was fully ripe; it forms an important article of diet for the abstemious villagers. It was curious to watch the women and children gathering the fruit with long poles having a kind of three-pronged fork at the end. I had heard much of the terrible privations of the poorer people of the country, and there is no doubt that they are very poor, but any one who is well accustomed to the intense poverty which prevails in our great manufacturing towns, will scarcely see anything at all comparable to it in Morocco. It is true that the poorest people are scantily clothed, but they are not worse clad than our poorest people, who have a bitter climate to face, whereas they have a climate which makes scanty clothing by no means an unmitigated curse. When I saw their little half-naked bairns running about in the constant sunshine, and thought of those at

home, shivering in the wretched, dull, raw cold of our northern November, and felt the joy of walking abroad in a light costume of pajamas and slippers, I thought often of Leech's London gamins rejoicing in the July water-cart, and the legend, "'Ow I do pity them nobs that ride in carriages this 'ot weather."

Then their poorest people have as little food as ours, but the warmth makes that little go a long way, and they have always abundant fruit close at hand. And above all, the curse of strong drink is practically unknown in the country at all events. That fact alone makes poverty altogether a lighter and easier thing.

Great clouds were gathering when we reached our camp, and we looked for a storm of rain which did not come, although we heard distant peals apparently of thunder. I sat up late that night, as I expected a visit from the Kaid, but he did not arrive. I had now my first considerable experience of the "beasties," which are the chief drawback to travelling in Morocco in autumn. My coffee was spoiled by a flying bug, which sacrificed itself to inconvenience me. I learned to cover

up all my drinkables carefully, for it is not possible to drink anything which has once held one of those stinking abominations. My tent too was the resort of innumerable flies, but I hung a string down from the ventilator at the top, and they took to climbing up this and gave me little further trouble. The string was quite black when I went to bed.

I always burned a night-light, and often found it useful. This night I was awakened about one o'clock by some creature which seized hold of my finger through the sheet, and held bravely on. When I got a candle lighted I found a huge beetle, which kept hold so tightly that, when I smashed him with my hunting-knife, one of his nippers was left in the sheet. I lay down again to sleep, but there was still a strange rustling amongst my baggage suspiciously like the gentle prowling of a rat. I again lighted the candle, and at once got a sharp rap in the face, and, when I at last caught and killed my enemy, it was evidently the wife of the big beetle I had previously slain. There were no more of them visible, and I only awakened in the early morning when the priest

from a neighbouring tower was loudly proclaiming to all true believers that prayer is better than sleep. I killed seven beetles in the bed when I turned back the clothes, and two more on the pillow-case.

I was getting my first breakfast of coffee and ham and eggs, when a big negro entered my tent, and, kneeling down, deposited at my feet, with a profound and graceful reverence, a bowl of fresh milk and twelve newly-laid eggs. I said solemnly, "Mliah Habeeb" which, being interpreted, I supposed to mean, "All right! milk!" and then Mohammed appeared and explained that it was a messenger from the Kaid to say that he was still in hot pursuit of his stolen horses, and could not therefore pay me a visit, but had sent me this little present. It was really very prettily done.

Although no rain had fallen in the night there had been a very heavy dew which had completely soaked the tents, and, as they were tightly pegged down, the expansion thus caused had made sundry big rents in the canvas, exposing the interior to the weather. These dews are

of frequent occurrence, and it is not easy to allow for them beforehand so as to avoid such damage.

We started on the morning of the 12th October at half past seven o'clock to make our way to Larache. It was still cloudy, but, as the sun gained power, it became again a glorious day. Numbers of people from our village and the surrounding country were pouring down towards Larache where there is a Sunday's market. One poor woman carried her market things before her on her horse, and held a two-year-old child on her knee, whilst a six-year-old girl clung on (cross-legged) behind her, and yet she rode so fast and well that she out-distanced us all. We passed many a group which would have done a painter's heart good, and had several amusing races. I was much diverted with one tall and graceful woman, who ran past us, and waited by her husband's mule until we drew near, and then, letting her cloak fall, looked me full in the face and laughed in a saucy good-humoured way. She was a handsome gipsy-like girl, with great black eyes, and was neither painted nor tattooed.

Her husband gave her a good blowing-up, but she had her joke all the same. Long before we reached it Larache lay in full view, and very pretty it looked with the broad river Loukkos (the ancient Luccus) winding past its walls to the blue Atlantic. We gazed upon the very spot in which the ancients placed the garden guarded by the Hesperides, with its far-famed apples of gold loved of the gods. Before us lay long sandy lagunes, which are frequently covered with water: a little up the river rose the steep well-wooded slopes on which the old Roman town of Lixus stood; and we could follow the windings of the broad stream far into the land. As we pushed across the sands towards the ferry we passed many an old anchor, relics of the long vanished navy of the Moors, rusting away in peace. The market people were clustered in groups, patiently waiting their turns. They leave their mules, asses, or horses in the charge of men appointed for the purpose until they have done their marketing. Mohammed got a small private boat in which he and I crossed, not without some risk. A few ships were lying in the harbour, for, in spite of

the dangerous bar, there is a considerable export trade from Larache, principally in skins, bark, and wool.

It was a long time before our mules were ferried across, and the operation was a somewhat exciting one, as they showed all the special traits of temper for which their order is famous, and the big clumsy boats were crowded with beasts and people. We pitched our camp upon a high level place, outside the town and beyond the market, where we got a pleasant bit of turf. We could not have had nicer quarters, sufficiently removed from noises and bad smells, and surrounded by gardens and greenery. We had an amusing visit to the market in search of provisions and water, which we had to get from the usual water-carrier, who brought us many skins of it. Then I took a long solitary stroll along the sea-cliffs, enjoying the bright colour and quaint forms of the yellow sandstone rocks, and the grand expanse of blue ocean. On my return I again went to the market, and joined half a dozen Moors in the purchase of the entire stock of a dealer in melons. When we had each deposited

a small sum, the melons were divided into lots, and a boy drew bits of stick from the dealer's jelab casting them upon the lots, and then each purchaser took up the lot his stick had fallen on. I suppose that each had contributed a special

WATER-CARRIER FROM THE SOUDAN.

stick, and knew it again. I had not done so, as I did not understand the operation until it was completed, but the lot left for me was the best of all.

After breakfast we visited the English vice-

consul, and were so long in finding him that I had to abandon my intention of visiting the ruins of the old Roman city. The vice-consul told me that it had been a very interesting place, but the French ambassador had been allowed to remove whatever he chose, and had left little that was worth examining. I was interested in what he told me about the health of Larache. It is so surrounded by marshy ground that there is always much fever and ague in it, and it had just passed through a severe outbreak of cholera. At Tangier I had been assured that such was not the case. It is important to Tangier that cholera should be supposed not to exist in Morocco, for, if it were known, quarantine would be established at Gibraltar, and the constant easy communication between the two places would be stopped. But the vice-consul assured me that it had been raging here until within the last fortnight, and that at Al Kasar as many as forty people died of it in one day. He had often seen it before, and said that there could be no doubt whatever as to the character of the disease. He had

himself attended several cases which terminated fatally. It seems to have begun in Mequinez, missed several of the villages between that place and Al Kasar, and then travelled down the river to Larache.

As I could not go to the ruins I made a long exploration of the town, which seemed to me to be in an unusually active and thriving condition. In the centre of it there is a great market-place surrounded by arcades and shops, and in this place all day long there sat large groups of people listening to story-tellers. It was a never failing source of delight to come upon one of these scenes, and to watch the play of emotion upon the many eager faces. After walking all over the place, seeing some of the schools and workshops, and visiting the filthy Jewish quarter (where I saw a frightful row amongst the women), I was introduced to the Bashaw, a handsome, cordial young fellow, in a beautiful white dress. He was very kind and polite; offered to assist me in any way in his power; and promised to send eight soldiers to guard our camp at night. Then I went to see a trial before the Kadi,

who was seated on the steps of the gate—a grave man of imperturbable countenance, yet with a certain merry twinkle of the eye which was very taking. He seemed pleased that I took an interest in his work. The plaintiff and defendant were Jews, and they both vociferated violently at the same time, using most astounding gesticulations. The Kadi's face never relaxed in the least, although one of the men, in his fierce excitement, actually fell down before him and grovelled on the earth. Witnesses were brought who added their spouting to that of the parties, and it seemed as though it were a question of who could scream the loudest. At length the Kadi slightly waved his hand and said a word, and the case was over. The parties went away down the street quietly enough, when suddenly he who was (I suppose) the defeated one, and who seemed to be partly drunk (although it might be simply from natural excitement), rushed back to the judge, and slapping his hands fiercely in his face, seemed to overwhelm him with insults. The Kadi said a word quietly to an officer standing near, not even troubling to

turn his head, and the foolish Jew was at once swept off his feet and carried away to prison. If Mohammed had been with me at the time I should much like to have followed, and to have ascertained what became of the man who had shown such daring contempt of court.

Later on in the day I saw another strange sight. A gang of prisoners, all fastened together with great iron collars round the neck, and heavy chains, came up the street with a strong escort of soldiers. I followed them to the prison, and a halt was made whilst the keys were being brought. The bystanders began to talk to the prisoners, and I saw a worn old man go up to one of them, a mild-looking tall fellow, and apparently exult over him. He suddenly gathered up the heavy chain in both hands, and, turning upon the old man with a savage, sarcastic grin, exclaimed —"Yes, I must thank you for this." I got Mohammed to ask the meaning of the scene, and it then turned out that this man was a notorious freebooter who had, some years before, murdered the old man's son, and in

return the old man had watched his opportunity and had at length succeeded in obtaining his apprehension. It seemed that there had been a sharp fight on the previous evening between the troops of the Sultan and some so-called rebels; that it took place only a short distance from our encampment at Khmis, and that the curious peals I heard and took for some peculiar kind of thunder were really the firing of the combatants. I suspect that the Kadi of the village was doing sterner work than looking after stolen horses. I could not learn what the fighting was about; whether levies of money were being raised by cruel compulsion, robbery and murder severely punished, or some local disorder put down. Whatever was their offence there was something dreadful in the sight of so many men entering that gloomy dungeon which they would never leave again unless for a worse one still.

The walls of Larache are perfect. They are higher and stronger than those of Arzila, and are surrounded on the south side by a deep moat. The Kasba or Citadel with nine

circular towers overlooks the sea. There are several batteries outside the walls and along the coast, but the old-fashioned guns are quietly rusting away, and would be more dangerous now to their gunners than to an enemy.

Edrisi speaks of the old Roman city, now ruined and called Tchemmich, as Tochommos, once a considerable place, surrounded by stone walls, and with populous villages adjoining it, but he says that intestine divisions and constant wars have ruined them and reduced the population. He also mentions that the inhabitants were of Berber origin, and that the town was then about a mile from the sea, which has greatly retreated since.

Leo calls it Harais, and says it was founded by the ancient Africans, and was well inhabited when the Moors were lords of Arzilla and Tangia, but that when they were taken by the Christians, "it was destitute of inhabitants almost twenty years together; howbeit afterwards, the king of Fezze his sonne, fearing the Portugals invasion, caused it strongly to be fortified and kept with a perpetuall garrison. The passage unto this towne by the river's mouth

is very dangerous and difficult. Likewise the king's sonne caused a castle to be built." He also says, "Upon this river's side are huge and solitarie woods, haunted with lions and other wilde beastes. The inhabitants of the towne used to transport coales by sea to Arzilla and Tangia, whereupon the Moores use for a common proverbe, A ship of Harais, which they alleage when a man after great brags and promises performeth trifles; for these ships having sailes of cotton, which make a gallant show, are laden with nought but base coales: for the territorie of this citie aboundeth greatly with cotton."

I saw nothing of either the coal or the cotton, although the modern Larache has nearly as much of the character of an active sea-port town as Tangier itself. Its present population is probably about two thousand.

In 1610 it was given up to the Spanish, who held it for seventy-nine years, when it was retaken by the Moors after a five months siege. They have retained it since, although the European powers have several times attacked it in vain.

I was unable to get inside the citadel as it was locked up and deserted, the usual garrison of five hundred soldiers being, I suppose, away fighting with the country people. The Bashaw did not forget his promise, and the eight men who kept guard over us made so much noise, with interminable songs and arguments, that sleep was difficult.

CHAPTER VIII.

AL KASAR.

We left Larache at half-past seven in the morning of the 13th October, and, descending a hill-side covered with many gardens, rode along near the river, across a great desert plain covered with dead and dry vegetation. The huge and solitary woods which Leo speaks of have all disappeared from the south side of the river. Here and there we passed a small tent village (Douar), with a few horses grazing near it. The tents are fenced in at the bottom with a kind of bamboo wattle, and all the surrounding vegetation is carefully removed. We breakfasted upon the river bank under the welcome shade of a solitary tree. Soon after we started again we found the vast plain on fire. For miles all around us great red blazes

were leaping up to the sky. At last they seemed to unite, and bore right down upon us in a long broad belt of flame. The heat became intense, and the savage roar of the fire was terrific. Hawks and partridges came flying madly before it. I thought that we should turn and make for the river, for no other mode of escape seemed possible, but the men kept quite cool and assured me that we should not be harmed, although we could plainly feel the hot breath of the fiery blast. Just as I felt certain that we were too late to fly and must be destroyed, we slightly changed our course, and the wind swept the danger right past us, but we were within a hundred yards of the fiercest fire I ever hope to see. We actually rode over the hot smouldering ashes, for the whole vast plain was a black burned up desert. The poor mules literally shook with terror, and I am free to acknowledge that I was really quite as frightened as they were, and had some difficulty in keeping up appearances. It was interesting to see how nicely and accurately Mohammed calculated

the matter, but the danger was too near to be pleasant.

There was not much left to look at as we rode along in the fierce heat of the afternoon sun. In the earlier part of the day a pretty little purple flower grew everywhere; now, of course, it had disappeared. As we approached Al Kasar we climbed some low hills, and passed through a grove of noble tamarisk trees. Then we crossed the Loukkos and came to a richer country where sheep were feeding and wee lambs with black or brown heads frisking about. A great wedding festival was going on at a village near the road, and the noisy music and the incessant firing of guns, afforded anything but festive feelings. There had been but little wind all day, but, as we passed over the great plains, every now and again the sand and dust whirled up in a great column from the earth, and, revolving with amazing rapidity, speedily became a huge cone, the apex of which was on the ground, and which moved with great speed. We did not get very near to any one of them, and they

vanished away in a few minutes' time. Mohammed told me that they were very common.

Al Kasar looked beautiful as we approached it. Its tall minarets, frequent palm trees, and white walls, rose out of a bright belt of gardens, and the great mass of Mount Sarsar formed a noble background. We reached it at three o'clock only to be speedily disenchanted. Mohammed had told me tales of a fine garden in which Messrs. Richardson and Brady had encamped last year, but when we reached it, it was a filthy dust-heap, and only one amongst many. We rode over the débris of countless generations. The accumulating filth of ages has grown into great hills, like the ballast heaps once so familiar to dwellers on the banks of the Tyne, but infinitely less savoury. At length we reached the town itself, and it seemed to me the dirtiest hole I had ever entered. It is not a walled town, but has several gateways and arches, and we rode up one beastly lane and down another until the burden of Mohammed's mule would not pass through one of these portals, and we had to

descend and go on foot in search of the Bashaw.

We found him sitting in the gate, very busy, and with many learned pundits about him. He was quite polite to the three travel-stained pedestrians who saluted him, and said that he had lately built a new Fondak (inn) in the town, and we might put up there. So off we set to look at it, the Bashaw sending a guide with us. This time our road lay through the Bazaars which are kept tolerably clean. They are shaded from the heat of the sun with a kind of roof of bamboo netting, and were crowded with people who were curious but quite civil. The Fondak, when we reached it, was a good specimen of its class, new, fairly clean, and very prettily decorated, but it was close and stiflingly hot, and moving with insect life. This is usually the case. Travellers drive their animals of all descriptions into the open courtyard in the centre of the building, and themselves occupy one of the rooms opening upon this courtyard. There is no landlord, no waiter, no food or liquor to be had in a

Moorish inn. You pay little and get little, and you find for yourself.

Of course it was not possible to stay there, so we trudged back to the Bashaw, and I sent Mohammed on in advance to tell him that I held a letter from the great Cherif, and was going to Wazan, and that I should be glad to have a garden out of the town as I should have to remain over the whole of the following day. When I got to the gate the good man had already sent off a messenger to the Cherif of Al Kasar, and he seated me on his right hand to await the result. I sat there quietly smoking whilst he decided two cases which were brought before him. It was a strange wild scene. We sat on a raised step by the side of the gate, surrounded by the disputants and their friends, the chief traffic of the town passing close by us. The parties pleaded with great vigour and earnestness, and, as they warmed to the work, one man after another chimed in, until the whole group were shouting and gesticulating at once, and gradually working closer and closer to the bench. The

poor Bashaw told me that he had been sitting there since six o'clock in the morning. He looked quite worn out, but kept his temper well, and managed somehow or another to make out what all the hubbub was about. He had a strong plain face, much marked by the small-pox, and was of unusually light complexion.

When the second case was over he rose, took me by the hand, and led me a long way through the town and its outskirts until we came to a fine orange-garden which looked quite exquisite after the dirty spots we had passed through. This garden belonged to the Cherif of Al Kasar, whose son had joined us on the way and welcomed me to the place. He introduced me to a Moor and a negro who were in the summerhouse. The Moor was a pleasant able-looking fellow, but the negro was a superb man, tall, well-made, with a frank, open countenance, and dressed in a snow-white haika of the greatest delicacy, which formed a fine contrast to the rich jet-black of his skin. I was much interested to find that he had been a slave, but had gained his freedom,

and was now busily engaged in learning the Koran from his Moorish friend, preparatory to leading what is considered in Morocco a learned life.

I had quite a crowd about me when I reached the summer-house, but, with that charming politeness which seems to come naturally to the high-class Arab, they all withdrew, saying that I must rest after my journey, begging me to use the place as though it were my own, and promising to return at a more convenient time. The Cherif sent a slave to wait on me, who knelt down and kissed my hand, and explained to me that he was my property whilst I stayed there; but, not liking the "domestic institution," I soon got rid of him. Next Luria (as I named the grand negro) returned with a well-dressed and cordial Arab, who explained that he was cousin to the great Cherif, and that he had a larger garden a little further away which was at my service, whilst Luria offered me a large new house which he had lately built. I had some difficulty in persuading them that I was more than satisfied

with the place I had got. Whilst I was at dinner one of the sons of the Cherif came in and laid down four splendid melons of different sorts, the largest and finest I ever partook of, with thick, firm, juicy pulp from the seeds to the skin, and of delicious and delicate flavour. Then the Bashaw sent a slave with two loaves of sugar, some coffee, and some candles, and, about eight o'clock, the Cherif's messengers again arrived with two tables, one of the national dish, kouscusoo, and the other of excellent grapes.

But I must explain what a "table" is in Morocco, for the article, as we understand it, is quite unknown. A large round wooden tray, with high sides, and standing on three very short legs, holds the dish with the food upon it, and is surmounted by a great funnel of thick basket-work which is often richly embroidered. A table is about as much as a man can carry. Those who are to partake of it kneel or squat round it, all eating from the same dish, and with the right hand only. The food can be carried a long way under

the cover without losing its heat. The Cherif's house was nearly a mile from my garden, but the kouscusoo was piping hot when it reached me. The number of tables sent out daily from a rich man's house is very great. The young Cherif at Wazan told me that he usually sent out, or used in his own house, six hundred tables a day, and often a great many more.

Kouscusoo must also be interpreted, although no one can be long in Morocco without learning all about it. It is the national dish, and has been the national dish ever since the time of Leo Africanus, and, when carefully prepared, it is a very good dish too. The kouscusoo consists of small wheaten granules about the size of pepper-corns, which are made by the delicate manipulation of flour slightly damped. There is much skill required in the operation. When the granules have been sifted and dried, they are arranged upon the dish, and well heated by that being placed upon a long-necked jar which contains boiling water. Whenever I got it, in the centre of the kouscusoo proper was cooked meat, fowl, or game, with gravy and vegetables;

but the country people eat the hot wheaten granules alone, or with the addition of butter-milk.

Before I went to bed I made a careful inspection of my domains. The house was built of brick, and carefully whitewashed. It had one long room, thirty-three feet by nine, and fifteen feet high, not carpeted, and without either door or window. A horse-shoe arch connected it with an open portico of like dimensions, and three similar arches led from the portico into the flower-garden, which was fenced off from the orchard by a bamboo-trellis of very pretty design. Along the side of the orchard next the road there was a high brick wall, and cane fences surrounded the property on the other sides. It contained about three acres of ground, and was well-filled with fig-trees, pomegranates, and orange-trees; nearly all the figs had been gathered, but the pomegranates were abundant and fully ripe, and the orange-trees were laden with fruit just turning to gold. In one corner of the garden there was a deep well and a large water-tank adjoining it, the

mouth of the well being raised by brickwork so as to be a little higher than the top of the tank. A horse, which had been blindfolded, was harnessed to a long pole at the other end of which was a wheel with wooden bars placed at regular intervals. Set at right angles to it, and just above the well, was another wheel with wooden cogs, and round this wheel was an endless chain of osiers, with earthenware pitchers attached to it, descending to the water. As the cogs were caught by the bars the pitchers were drawn up through the water, and emptied themselves in turn into a wooden channel down which the water so drawn up flowed into the cistern. The whole concern was managed by a handsome negro boy who uncovered from time to time holes in the side of the cistern from which the water passed into open channels by which the garden was traversed in every direction. This system of irrigation is universal throughout this part of Morocco wherever water has to be obtained from wells.

The night was beautifully fine, and, as there was a great festival in an adjoining mosque, I

wished to go and see the performance. A band of Aissowa were going through one of their religious dances. Mohammed, however, would not sanction the attempt, and I had to be contented with listening to the sounds of the music and dancing. The noise was tremendous, and the excitement of the persons engaged seemed to be very great, if I might judge from the wild yells which broke out from time to time.

Before I lay down I went carefully over the floor of my room and stopped up several suspicious-looking holes, as I had no desire to add scorpions to my many other lively bed-fellows. The Bashaw sent four heavily-armed men to guard the house, and some others to watch our mules and horses which were tethered a hundred yards off near the well. I could never tell whether this precaution was necessary. No attempt at robbery was at any time made, but I suppose that the authorities understand the people they have to deal with, and, as the district is held responsible if an authorised traveller loses anything, they take good care to make loss exceedingly improbable.

CHAPTER IX.

AL KASAR (*continued*).

AL KASAR, the Oppidum Novum of the Romans, is an old and interesting town, and being on the direct route from Tangier to Fez, it is visited by all the embassies which have business with the Sultan, and by most of the Europeans who travel in the interior of Morocco. Edrisi calls it Caçr Abdi'l Carim (the castle of Abdi'l Carim), and, in his time, it was a little Berber town separated from the sea by a sandy plain; possessing cultivated and pasture lands; with a frequented market; and inhabited by a population following different trades.

Leo calls it Casir El Kebir, and tells how Yacoub al Mansor, the king and patriarch of Morocco (the great warrior who received his title of El Mansor, or the Victorious, after the famous

battle of Alarcos in 1195 in which he defeated Alphonse IV. of Castille and killed 30,000 Christians, building the mosque and giralda at Seville to commemorate his victory), having lost his way when hunting, and being separated from his party, experienced the hospitality of a poor fisher whom he found "getting of eels," and at whose cottage he passed the night. Next morning the king's whereabouts was discovered by his gentlemen and hunters; and he rewarded his host by giving him certain fair castles and palaces which were near unto the place, and which he surrounded with walls. The poor fisher was made lord and governor of a new city which soon grew so large that in Leo's time (three centuries afterwards) it contained four hundred families. The market, he says, was then held upon Monday, and it continues to be held on that day still, a striking proof of the stationary habits of the Moors. Then, as now, Al-Kasar was surrounded by great store of gardens replenished by all manner of fruits, the soil being exceedingly fertile.

The walls have disappeared, or rather the

town seems now to occupy a different position to that it held when surrounded by walls. As Leo mentions that the Loukkos overflowed its banks, and spread up to the city gates, that part of the town most subject to inundations was probably gradually abandoned, and the existing town is but a remnant of the large city which once flourished here, and which covered a greater space of ground than the present town does, although it may have been less densely peopled.[1]

It is very difficult to come to a correct conclusion as to the population of a Moorish town. Dr. Rohlfs puts that of Al Kasar at thirty thousand, whilst M. Renou thinks twenty-five hundred nearer the mark. I should have thought that it contained nearly as many people as Tangier, and that we should be tolerably

[1] Monsieur Tissot, in a paper recently published, says that the present town is built of Roman stones, and that there is a Latin inscription on one of the great blocks of which the old minaret is composed. Probably Oppidum Novum was a place of some strength and of much importance. When this part of Morocco is more fully explored, no doubt many more relics of Roman rule will be discovered.

correct if we placed the number at six thousand. I came to this conclusion from the size of the town, the character of its houses, and the general effect of its street and shop life upon ordinary days.

Whilst the Portuguese remained masters of Arzila they continually harassed the country in the vicinity of Al Kasar, although they never succeeded in taking the town itself. It was in the immediate vicinity that the great battle of Alcassar el Kebir was fought on August 4th 1578, when the gallant Muley Moluc, borne in a litter before his soldiers, defeated the young Don Sebastian, King of Portugal, and Mohammed, the dethroned Sultan, with such crushing force "as to make the whole of Europe shudder." The invading monarchs were slain in the battle, and their whole army destroyed or made prisoner, whilst the gallant Muley Moluc himself died unwounded in the hour of victory.

My knowledge of the history of the monarchs of Barbary, and of the writings of the learned Cherif, Edrisi, of the converted Moorish noble,

Leo Africanus, and of the Captive, Marmol, has been acquired since I travelled in Morocco. At the time I had no books about the country with me, and few books of any kind, so when I awakened on the morning of the 14th Oct. and found the thunder roaring, and rain coming down in sheets, I amused myself with watching the antics of the many and various "beasties" which shared my room with me. A huge grasshopper (almost like a locust) had roused me several times in the night by practising flying leaps at my nose, from my wraps five feet away. The rain had made the mosquitoes, gnats, and ants, most unmercifully lively. Beetles abounded, and caterpillars hung suspended over my devoted head. My old friend, the flying bug, was everywhere. Great spiders were displaying an unwonted activity, and their big bloated bodies, as big as bobbins, were gruesome to look upon. Little red spiders, of insinuating disposition but tormenting bite, were finding out all unprotected places. Fleas were matters of course and didn't count, nor could they be counted. A mammoth centipede, black

and scaly, two and a half inches long and most venomous of aspect, wandered restlessly about seeking whom he might render miserable for life. I had quite sufficient to look at without this horrid creature, and I soon put an end to his wanderings. Mohammed told me that his habit is to stick his hundred claws into you, and then to let his body drop off; each claw turning speedily into a festering wound.

It may seem to some of my readers that I say too much about this insect aspect of life in Barbary, but I think it only right and fair to give the whole of the picture. There is not a little fret, fever, and vexation, and even actual pain, occasioned by these small pests, and to some people their presence would be a bar to all enjoyment.

I was not altogether sorry when Mohammed appeared at the archway with the petition—"Sare, will you take him gun and shoot one cock? Souci hunt him, but he cannot get -cotched." So I turned out into the warm rain in my pajamas and slippers, and found

that my dinner had taken wings and flown away. I sent Souci into the trees to drive it out, and soon had a flying shot, to Mohammed's intense relief, for it spared him the necessity of purchasing another fowl.

In spite of the rain our courier arrived about eight o'clock, and we gave him the precious letters for the young Cherif and the Bashaw of Wazan, and arranged that we would leave early on the following morning, and meet him on his return journey. The letters were carefully wrapped up in the inner folds of his turban, and away he ran. The rain ceased about eleven o'clock (it was the first rain I had seen since leaving the Bay of Biscay), and the hot sun shone brightly forth, giving a glory to everything. The air seemed laden with the finest fragrance; the flowers looked brighter than before; the brillant fire-ball pomegranates literally glowed through their rich green foliage. It was impossible to resist the fascination of so lovely a time, and we resolved on a long stroll.

But first I had to be dressed, for we meant

to make calls *en passant*, and it was desirable to cut rather a better figure than we had made on the previous day when travel-stained and weary. I wished, too, to get used to the turban, which I had never worn, and about which I was dubious. So I donned my best blue cloth jelabiah, and scarlet fez, round which Mohammed (assisted by all hands) proceeded cunningly to wind more than thirty feet of foot-wide white cambric. The turban thus formed was by no means a very conspicuous one, but I felt it heavy for the first two days. After that it troubled me no more, but, on the contrary, proved a delightful protection for the head and the nape of the neck against the fierce heat of the sun.

I was naturally somewhat nervous when I sallied forth in my strange, but comfortable, costume. I had quite discarded all covering for the feet but the excellent yellow slippers of the country, and was afraid that I might lose these at the wrong times, for, Morocco being a land of contrarieties, when you make calls, you keep your head covered, but uncover

your feet! However, the people I met did not trouble themselves about me, saving to give a kindly greeting as I passed; and the interest of the place soon made me think of something more profitable than that which I had put on.

My first call was upon the good Cherif who had been so kind to me. He was for a long time one of the ministers of the Sultan, and is reputed to have been specially skilled in foreign affairs. He is now highly esteemed as a great saint, and the court of his house, and the passages leading to it, were crowded with visitors. The way was instantly cleared for us; and Mohammed, and Hadji Mohammed, went forward to the audience chamber, and knelt and kissed the hands of the noble-looking old man, who came forward leaning on a stick. He was very old and grey, with a long beard, a finely-arched nose, and a piercing yet kindly eye: the sort of man with whom you are at once in sympathy. He took me by both hands and gazed at me for a moment in a friendly and pleasant way, and

then poured forth such a flood of welcome that Mohammed had hard work to translate quickly enough to keep up with him. He said that I had been looked for for some days, for the Cherif at Wazan had told him I was coming, and that he had wished to welcome me himself, but had not been strong enough to do so. He hoped that I was comfortable in his garden, and that I would ask him for whatever I wanted. He wished me to promise to return by Al Kasar, so that we might meet again, and he might hear what I thought of Wazan. He expressed much satisfaction with my adopting the national dress, and said that I must feel confidence in the people of his country, as I travelled alone. He asked me many questions about my opinions of Morocco, and about my own land, my family, &c. All through the interview he held my hands, sometimes shaking them gently, sometimes stroking them softly; and constantly poured forth expressions of pleasure in seeing me, and blessings on me and mine in a low sweet voice, his face beaming with smiles

and satisfaction. I was much touched by his great kindness. Indeed I learned at Al Kasar really to love these much abused Africans,—Moors, Arabs, and Negroes alike. The higher class have the gentlest, sweetest ways I have ever seen, and the lower class are good-humoured, full of fun, excitable, up in a moment and down again, but they are all innately polite. Of course there are bad men and good men in Morocco as elsewhere, but the "rough" element I never came across. My great misfortune was, that I could not talk with them excepting through an interpreter, but Mohammed developed such admirable powers of rendering long conversations, that I felt this less than I should have thought possible.

Before I took my leave of the good Cherif, I expressed my regret that he was so far from well. He explained to me what was the matter with him, and I felt his pulse, and looked at his tongue, and promised to send him two doses of rhubarb pills and seidlitz powders, explaining clearly to him how they

were to be taken. I also gave him a little quinine and iron. He then asked me if I would examine his son who was very ill. I told him that I was not a doctor, and that I knew but little about medical matters, but had no objection to see his son if he wished. So the son was brought in, a youth of twenty years, and apparently slightly paralysed in the left leg. For him I prescribed regular rubbings twice a day, for two hours at a time; and I was much relieved to find afterwards, that medical men thought I had hit upon the best thing for him. The kind old man who had so loaded me with gifts, was very grateful to me, and we parted with mutual regret.

I had not read the books of other travellers at this time, or I should have gone into the country with views of the treachery, falseness, and ingratitude of the Moors, which would inevitably have coloured and distorted all my views of their conduct. Fortunately I wrote down each night (and often during the day), everything which occurred, and I give simply the impressions which what I actually experienced produced upon

my mind. I was a complete stranger, alone, with no great retinue, bearing no presents, without any special qualifications for travel, a complete ignoramus in fact, so far as Africa was concerned. I simply took the people as I found them, and behaved to them as I should have done to white Christian people, and I had no reason to repent of the confidence I learned to place in them. They never deceived me: they never cursed me: they never molested me. From the first to the last I experienced uniform kindness and courtesy from high and low alike, with the one little exception of the lunatic in Tangier.

We next went to see the Bashaw, partly to thank him for his assistance and partly to get further help from him. During the night I had from time to time experienced a strange and unwholesome smell, and had found in the morning, lying in the road not far from my summer-house, the putrid carcase of a horse. As the place is proverbially an unhealthy one, and as the cholera was only just out of it, I thought that I must make an effort to get this abominable

nuisance removed, although I was unwilling to add to the labours of the much over-worked Kadi. He was seated in the midst of a crowd of witnesses, but at once made me a place beside him, and questioned me as to how I had slept, whether he could do anything for me, and so forth. I told him about the dead horse, and he promised to have it removed, and he faithfully performed his promise. He told me that, when he was appointed, he had made a strong effort to get the town properly cleaned, and to have sanitary regulations regularly enforced, but that the Jews had stoutly opposed him, as the needful steps would have required the expenditure of money raised by local taxation, and he had to abandon his scheme. When we afterwards visited the Jews' quarter we found it a simple abomination!

An abomination even in Al Kasar which is itself quite the dirtiest hole I was ever in. Words fail me to express the utter filthiness of the streets. Every disgustingness which can be conceived lies there bare and open to the day My only wonder was that when the cholera was

once there it did not make a clean sweep of the people. As we passed through the bazaar most of the shops in it were shut. It is the custom to take a long siesta in the middle of the day, and little goes on from noon until three o'clock. We visited a mill where the corn was being ground by a horse upon a plan very like that adopted in irrigation; and a tannery of a primitive description where the one stork of autumnal Al Kasar was quietly hopping about amongst the tan-pits. His left wing had been broken or he would hardly have been there at all. We watched the slipper-makers and the tailors, who seemed too busy to rest, and I was allowed to look into two of the many mosques from the doorway. The tile pavements were fine, and the arching simple but good. We visited an encampment of gipsies a little out of the town. Their tents were exactly similar to those which the gipsies of Northumberland used thirty years ago, and they cooked with a similar tripod arrangement. The women were grinding corn between two stones in the good old fashion.

It was pleasant to get out of the dirty town and over the mountains of filthy refuse, away into the great plain which lies to the north. Here are the abundant remains of a past life. There are many portions of vast walls, perhaps those which were built by the great El Mansor, although the greater part seemed to me to have been Roman work. Ruins of extensive palaces are also to be found: one very large building I took, from the arrangements for heating and conducting water, to have been a bath. Mohammed called all the remains Roman, but we met with a remarkable Moor, who was living in a sort of wooden hut near the principal river, who said that they were all portions of the great palaces and buildings, colleges, hospitals, &c., which existed in the palmy days of Al Kasar, and, although he did not condescend to dates, he evidently took it for granted that those days were under Moorish rule. He pointed out the traces of walls running far into the land, and said that once these walls extended for miles. From his hut Al Kasar once more looked lovely: the dirt could not be seen, but

the white houses, the frequent tall minarets, and the yet taller palm-trees, were quite charming. We afterwards went to visit a famous saint who lives in a pretty but tumble-down house in a fine garden where the roses were in perfection. I counted in his grounds a hundred and eighty orange-trees, all laden with fruit, but there were many more than I counted. Most of them were about fifteen feet high, but many of the trees in one long grove were at least twice that height. A slave in attendance brought me some roses and four fine pomegranates, and Hadji Mohammed carried the fruit home for me in the hood of his jelabiah.

In the evening the good Cherif again sent me a table of delicious hot kouscusoo, and another of fruits, and I had quite a little levee of visitors. The soldiers who came to guard us were more musical than usual, and chanted away into the night in that strange, somewhat dreary, monotone which the Arabs love so much.

CHAPTER X.

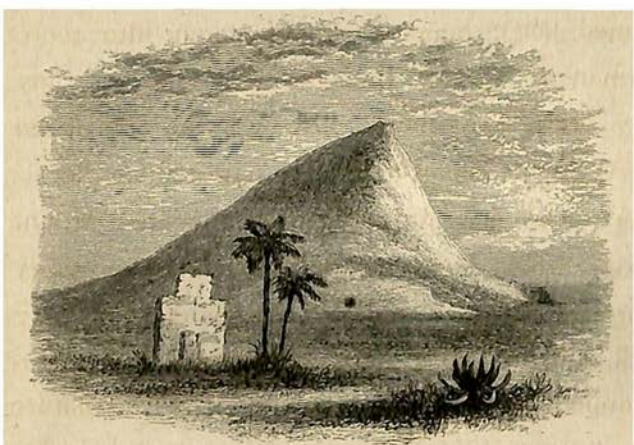
THE WAY TO WAZAN.

We wished to reach the sacred city of Wazan in good time, and therefore left Al Kasar at half-past six on the morning of the 15th October. Early as it was, several of the people came to see us start. I was quite touched to find amongst them a little Jew boy who had assisted us in many ways when at Larache. My men had been suspicious of him, and were about to drive him away, but I thought him an honest little fellow, and showed him my revolver, English money, &c., and let him look through my opera-glass. I also permitted him to enter my tent and arrange one or two things. He came in the morning as we left Larache, and brought me some nuts, and now he turned up at Al Kasar again, having walked all the

weary way simply to shake hands and say good-bye once more. Poor boy! he had learned a few words of English, and was proud to find that I could understand him and would let him help. He held my stirrup as I mounted, and looked long and sorrowfully after me as I rode away. I fear that he had formed some hope of being taken into more permanent service, but he had not in any way obtruded himself, although he had been in Al Kasar the whole of the preceding day.

At first we rode straight towards Mount Sarsar, which looked quite glorious in the early morning light. None of us had slept very well, and we were rather a silent party. Mohammed was a little anxious about the nature of our reception at the Sacred City. I had a nasty agueish feeling, felt first when the smell of the dead horse had affected me, and returning at intervals. It was no doubt a slight attack of ague, and it recurred at intervals for the following six weeks. After riding for an hour we turned away to the east, and we crossed the ridge of hills which culminates in

Mount Sarsar near to its eastern slope. We were evidently off the track and too much to the west. For an hour we passed through thick woods, so thick that we were in constant difficulties with the baggage mules. Then we forded a deep and broad river on our right—



MOUNT SARSAR FROM THE VICINITY OF AL KASAR.

my men declared that it was the El Kous (Loukkous), but, if so, its course is not correctly laid down upon any of the maps I have seen. We followed its left bank with much difficulty for a long time, and had many a nasty piece of bad rock to cross where a fall would have

been awkward. We climbed right up a steep and difficult hill to a little village from which we saw the track we should have followed winding up the valley nearly on the level. We had got quite wrong at starting. We should have ridden east-south-east from Al Kasar for an hour and a half before we crossed the ridge of hills, and then we should have got into the regular track. As it was, we had simply to get down to it with as little delay as possible so as not to miss our courier on his return from Wazan. The scenery of this valley was decidedly pretty, reminding me of the hill country about the lower part of Loch Lomond. About noon the hills we reached were barer, and the heat of the sun was quite terrific. It was hard work simply to sit on your mule. There was no air, and no shelter. We were exposed to the full sun, and turban, hood, and parasol together, seemed powerless to keep off its burning rage.

About noon we came to a little stream which Mohammed called Wad El Ruman, and, as there were a few trees by it, we halted for

breakfast. We had been following the true track for a couple of hours, and had for some time been passing through the mountains. It was amusing to watch the tortoises in the little river. It was alive with them. I counted eleven in one small pool, and I had four crawling about my feet and eating up the fragments of my food all the time I was at breakfast. They are easily frightened, the least motion drives them all back to the water, but they recover themselves instantly, and waddle forth to seize upon whatever comes first: grapes, grape-stalks, chicken, egg-shell, melon rind, bread, all alike seemed to come naturally to them. One was very greedy; he was a big fellow, and attacked a pretty little one rather savagely, so I pushed him down the stream a long way, and then turned him over and over. The instant I left him he began to make his way back. They swim rapidly and must have considerable power of smell. When I sat down upon a branch of a tree a few yards off the water not one was visible; directly I began to eat, black heads and wrinkled necks popped up from

the stream, and the creatures themselves waddled out almost immediately. They are sufficiently amusing, but they have an unpleasant odour, and make the water they are in quite undrinkable.

Indeed the drink question is a serious one to travellers in Morocco. It is rare to get water really good except amongst the mountains. We carried with us a bag made out of the hide of a goat with the hair left upon it, and a large porous earthenware jar which we purchased for fourpence at Al Kasar. Both of these kept the water sweet and tolerably cool, but both gave it rather a peculiar taste. Then it was nearly always turbid to begin with, but a bit of alum placed in each vessel cured that, and I filtered all the water for drinking through a couple of filter-papers—a slow but tolerably effectual process. After all I was often only able to drink it when boiled and with tea or coffee. At first this was trying, because there is nothing to put in its place, but I soon found the large ripe water-melons an excellent substitute for liquor, and we always carried a good stock of them with us. The

men were not so particular. They would kneel down and drink greedily from a well of muddy water full of frogs and stinking tortoises, but that was an accomplishment I could not acquire.

It was almost worse with the bathing-water. At the back of my tent I had two canvas flaps which, when stretched out and pegged down, made a sufficiently commodious bath-room. I carried one of Carter's excellent pocket-baths, and Souci made it ready for me each morning as soon as the word to rise was given. But it was hard to flesh and blood to get into it at times, for the water was like pea-soup and smelt—faugh! Still bad washing-water is better than none in a hot country, and I never missed my bath.

But the tortoises have led me far astray. Soon after we left our halting-place we met our courier, who brought me a message of welcome from the young Cherif, and said that he had promised to send and meet me. About two o'clock we crossed our last range of hills and caught our first sight of Wazan—a pretty

little white town nestling amongst trees upon a sort of col or saddle with high hills about it. Our excitement was great. Hadji Mohammed was the only one of my men who had been to it before, and I do not think I had fully realized the feelings with which the Moors regard it until I heard the wild exclamations of delight in which my followers indulged, and saw the way in which they began to push forward as though they were in haste to reach it. As we rode on I was reminded of Gubbio from the Perugia road, although the town is quite unlike it when you really reach it. Its situation indeed is different from that of any other town I have seen. It runs right over the col and up the side of the hill on the south, and only one-half of the town is seen as you approach it, but, from every point of view it strikes you as a remarkably pretty place.

We descended into an undulating plain country, and had ridden across it for nearly an hour when we saw a number of people waiting under the shadow of some rocks a mile ahead of us. As we drew nearer, two of them,

mounted on large and spirited mules, dashed forward to meet us, and, when they approached, dismounted and came forward to me, shaking hands with me in the beautiful Moorish fashion. We crossed a little stream, and came to the rocks, where I found an escort of soldiers waiting. Here I also dismounted, in order to prepare for a much more formal entry into Wazan than I had at all anticipated. The Moors who had met me were the young Cherif's Secretary and one of his friends, and they gave me many messages of welcome from him. They had already been waiting for two hours. They were exquisitely dressed, the Secretary in a snow-white cloud-like haik,[1] the friend in a small delicate white jelabiah over a fine light-blue one. I asked them whether I should wear English or Moorish dress. They replied that the Cherif had wished me to do in everything exactly what I liked best,

[1] The haik is a wide piece of linen, woollen, or silk, from six to seven yards in length, and arranged round the head and body in folds. The mode of wearing it may be infinitely varied, but no stranger should attempt it, as it is the most difficult of garments to manage.

but that they would feel it a compliment if I wore partly Moorish things. So I endeavoured to combine the two in just proportions, and on we rode in company, the wild-looking soldiers

MOORISH SOLDIER.

marching before us, all armed with long match-locks, and with daggers slung round them. It was a strange sensation. We had an hour's ride up to the town, and at Ku Cheria, a village

a mile from Wazan, the people were standing in groups to see the Englishman pass. Here we got into the welcome shade of trees and hedges, but soon reached the city and had to cross the great market-place. It was the day before the market, and it was thronged with an immense gathering of people, who opened out a lane for us as we rode through,—wild-looking mountaineers many of them were, and they crowded round us with much curiosity, but they were perfectly civil and good-humoured. It was a sight never to be forgotten, that vast multitude of swarthy up-turned faces gazing upon the first white man who had ventured alone amongst them! We passed under a sort of gateway, up a steep and narrow lane, past a mosque and a fondak, down a very steep and ill-paved road, and then I dismounted, and the Secretary taking me by the hand led me into fairy-land, and into the presence of the young Cherif.

A manly young fellow with a kindly open countenance, richly but simply dressed, apparently of about twenty-five years of age, came

forward and shook hands with me warmly, and gave me a right hearty welcome. He led me at once to my room, filled with vases of sweet-smelling flowers; showed me the bath-room and other offices, which were admirably appointed, and, whilst my things were being carried in, called a slave, who brought us excellent coffee in exquisite china. My men were presented to him one by one, each kneeling and kissing his knees with much devotion. He then asked me at what hour I liked to dine, and left me to rest.

But rest was out of the question. I seemed to have got out of all plain ordinary life, and to have entered upon a new existence; to have come out. "behind the looking-glass." In the words of Tom Hood's "ancient woman," I could have exclaimed—

> "Well! this *is* Fairy work! I'll bet a farden
> Little Prince Silver-wings has ketched me up
> And set me down in some one else's garden."

It was altogether unlike anything I had ever seen before, excepting in dreams of the Arabian Nights and in the transformation scenes

of pantomimes. My room was so charming and so curious—another of those long, narrow, windowless rooms, forty feet by fourteen, and very high, carpeted with layers of thick Moorish rugs, each of which was a marvel of art, and none of which belonged to the melancholy aniline-dye period; a low divan ran all round it, a divan of luxurious cushions covered with delicate shawls; at one end was a low Moorish table of wonderful beauty, loaded with all manner of fragrant waters in silver flasks, pomades, and other toilet appliances; near it stood a great musical-box, and a kind of harmonium and organ combined,—an instrument which could be played upon or which could be worked by a handle; at the other end in a lovely Moorish recess was the bed, with marvellous coverlids and pillows, almost too fairy-like for actual use; close to this stood a pedestal with admirable washing appliances, and a constantly renewed supply of orange-flower water. On the floor lay a kind of mattrass for the noon-day siesta. In the centre of the room there was a fine Moorish cushion with an exquisite brass

tray upon it, and a silver candlestick, with candle and matches, and a pretty bell. Above the divan the sides of the room were tiled for a couple of feet, and against the walls hung some of the most interesting specimens of fire-arms, swords, daggers, &c., which I have ever seen. The wooden roof or ceiling was specially beautiful—the groundwork a rich chocolate brown, two beams sober olive green, then one dull red, then the fourth light green, the fifth dull red, and so on. The doorway of the room was a fine horse-shoe arch, richly tiled, over which three layers of curtains fell, or from which they were looped back, as you chose. The door itself was a good specimen of the best Moorish woodwork. You passed down one broad, easy step into an alcove twelve feet square, and carpeted with thick rugs. In it stood two chairs and a little table, which always held clear fresh water, olives, nuts, grapes, biscuits, scent, a gem of a bell, and a large bowl of lovely flowers.

From this alcove four steps led down to a narrow terrace, which extends from the gate to

the bath-room. Near the gate is a recess where the Cherif sometimes receives the pilgrims who come to do him homage. Then comes the room which I have described, then a winding passage leading to his private house, and then the bath-room. The Cherif's house communicates with the mosque, which it adjoins.

Along this terrace were placed large flower-pots containing lilies in full bloom and with rich odour; the flowers were larger and somewhat finer in colour than those of the *Lilium auratum*. Eight or ten steps led from the terrace into the garden, which was literally one blaze of flowers. The beds were covered with flowering-plants in bloom; verbenas, single and double scarlet geraniums, crocuses, gezaneas, chrysanthemums, fuchsias, lilies of all sorts, balsams, stocks, sweet-williams, dahlias, roses, and many flowers which were new to me. There were numbers of tall flowering shrubs, in the branches of which hung cages, with canaries and goldfinches in them. In one corner of the garden adjoining the steps, clear cold water from the surrounding hills fell constantly

into a basin in three strong streams, overflowing into a marble tank with a fountain, and in which were numbers of gold and silver fish. From this tank the water flowed in little channels down every path in the garden, and the constant sound and presence of pure running water in that burning climate was a perpetual delight. At the end of the garden a long divan running across its full width was being rapidly completed. It is built in true Moorish style, the walls being covered with rich arabesque work, and contains a spacious hall and a Turkish bath. From its windows you look over the market-place and a portion of the town, and away to the mountains, which are everywhere around.

But the finest view of all was that from my alcove. Away over the divan I looked down a wide rich valley, with fine hills on either side, to the distant mountains, range rising over range, and with fine outlines, and an ever-changing play of colour which was simply fascinating. I used to pass hours in the blessed shade gazing upon that scene, "ever changing,

ever new." To the north were the Bu Hasham range, then Jebel Shaun leading to the lofty and rugged Beni Hassan mountains on the east, and the far-off forest of purple peaks which were all called the Riff mountains. I longed to journey into the heart of that lovely land, but the Cherif told me that, unless he were himself with me, he could not answer for my personal safety. The mountaineers live bold, hard, and lawless lives, some of the tribes successfully resisting the payment of taxes for many years at a time. The principal danger which a stranger going amongst them would run would arise from the suspicion that he was a government spy.

As the day dies tender lights of magical beauty come over these mountain ranges. There is no true twilight, but there is a short time after the sun has withdrawn his rays before the night falls, the softened, dreamy charm which recalls the gentle summer nights of Norway, which are neither night nor day, but have the calm and peace of the one blended with the clearness and brightness of the other.

By the time I had surveyed my beautiful surroundings, and bathed in pure cold water from the fountain, I was summoned to dinner. The Cherif having observed my delight in his exquisite garden, had rugs laid down between the tiny cascade and the fountain, and my table and chair placed there, so that I might dine amongst the flowers. The dinner was carried from his house in "tables," and it was certainly a new experience in gastronomy. Providence has blessed me with a catholic gullet, but, for the first few minutes, I must admit that it was severely tried. I began comfortably enough with radishes. They were followed by a couple of roast ducks cooked in true Moorish fashion, and swimming in argan oil. All the meats I had were cooked with oil or butter; and the custom amongst Moors, who pay attention to gastronomic science, is to keep the oil and butter which are to be used in cooking, in sealed jars buried in the earth for long periods, sometimes for as much as two years. They have no rancid flavour, but a smell and a taste which is quite their

own. I soon got used to it, and almost to like it, but the taste to the last always recalled the smell of the shampooing room of a Turkish bath.

The ducks were followed by fowls, and these by a curious mixture of mince-pie and pancake fritters. Each table was brought along the terrace and down to the garden by a jet black slave, dressed in a black cloth jacket with gold lace, and white breeches. He handed it to the Cherif's old confidential servant, a good-natured skilful Arab, who waited on me, and who expressed so much sorrow at the small quantity of food I got through, and so much fear that it was not to my liking, that I was compelled to eat more than I wished so as to spare his feelings. The meal finished with an excellent dessert of melon, several kinds of grapes, &c. One variety of white grape, very large and almond-shaped, was especially good. The bread which accompanied the dinner was baked in bannocks and was capital. I had a fresh plate, knife, and fork, with each course.

So soon as dinner was over the Cherif came down to me. He was accompanied by his elder brother, who is rather more than a year his senior. He is, of course, also a Cherif, but he prefers a statesman's life even to that of the Chief Saint, and he is generally with the Sultan, who is said to have a great affection for him. He is a strikingly handsome man, and is in every respect as unlike his brother as could well be. He has regular, finely-chiselled features; a grave, thoughtful, rather sad face; an eye which seems to look right through you. He is very delicate, and is said to be shy and proud, and has the reputation of being a man of much learning. Seldom indeed in any land can so pure and noble a face be seen. He is a good sportsman, although he does not care much about it, and prefers study. Indeed, all the Moors who spoke to me about him agreed that he was quite an exceptional man. He has only one wife, and they have no family. His garden adjoins that of the Cherif, but he does not stay much at Wazan. My host only put on a jelabiah or haik when he went out of his

grounds, and seldom donned the turban, usually wearing only a fez with a long tassel of black silk and gold threads. The elder brother's dress was the most delicate and beautiful I have ever seen; simple and yet sumptuous. Above a light blue jelabiah of perfect cloth, he wore a snow-white haik wound in graceful folds over his head and body, and of so exquisite a fabric that it seemed more like a thought than a reality.

I dressed for dinner in full English costume at the Cherif's request, and felt like a black-beetle by the side of these picturesque men. I was glad to get back to the Moorish dress; and my host told me that he could not understand why, when men could get a comfortable dress which suited them, they should wear anything so strangely ugly as ours appeared to him.

A coffee service was substituted for the dinner things, and we drank coffee flavoured with orange-flower water, some of which the Cherif sprinkled over my hands and face. We had a long conversation, in which both of the brothers took part, and they showed deep interest

in what was going on in other lands, and much desire to give me full information upon all the subjects we touched upon. They told me that but few persons have large estates in Morocco. Those of the Cherif himself are very extensive, and in different parts of the land. Most men own the land they cultivate, but those who do not can always get work upon the Sultan's territories. The land about Wazan is fertile (excepting where it is spoiled by salt-water springs) and the people cultivate it assiduously. Being a mountainous district the climate is somewhat more variable than that of the sea-coast, and frost is not unknown, but, on the other hand, there is a constant supply of good water.

We then spoke of education. I explained to them the state of education in England, and they told me about it in Morocco. There is no law on the subject, but most children, both boys and girls, receive some education. All the schools are private adventure schools. The children generally begin to be taught when they are from five to six years of age. The school hours are long, but the one thing

universally taught is the repetition of the Koran. It is only some children who learn to write. If it is desired that a boy shall become a thaleb, or learned man, he is sent to college or to some establishment of saints, who have devoted themselves to such study as is still possible to a Moor.

The conversation naturally turned to books, but there are no newspapers and no books printed in Morocco. Nearly all of the books in the great library at Fez are in manuscript. How many volumes it really contains they did not know, but the number was great. The books were freely lent out to responsible people in any part of the country. The brother (whose name was Sidi Ben L'Arbi) said that if I visited Fez when he was there I should examine the library to ascertain what books I wanted, and he would take them out and bring them to Wazan so that I could study them at leisure.

We had some talk about the sporting capacities of the country, and I was promised that, if I would only stay long enough at Wazan, I should put them to the proof for myself. Partridge

was said to abound, although I was rather early for it. Wild boar was also very plentiful; but there was no other big game. The hills have no animals of the deer or goat kind upon them. The lion, too, has entirely disappeared. The young Cherif told me that the last one in that part of the country had troubled a certain village in his grandfather's time, but that after he visited the village it was seen no more. Perhaps he shot it, but I think the Cherif looked upon the event as miraculous.

For the Moors are a simple, credulous people, who still believe in miracles. Those Englishmen who are old enough to remember the appearance of *Essays and Reviews*, and the stir that book made, may hardly be prepared to look upon this as very amazing. They wear charms to keep away diseases or to cure them. A bit of paper with a word written on it, and given to one of them by the great Cherif, is tied up in a bag and put upon the ailing place, and, no doubt, the *vis medicatrix naturæ* does its work more readily than when, as in England, the equally barren, but not so innocent, charm

is taken internally. Many men and women wear a silver hand to protect them against the evil eye, and no house is without such a hand in a prominent position near the door. Again, we have given up this superstition in England, but there are few stables even now without the horse-shoe nailed upon the lintel with the self-same object. Mohammed told me, as an absolute fact, that he saw the great Cherif at Tangier call down the full moon from the sky and make it rest upon his arm, chucking it up again when he was tired of it, and Hadji Mohammed declared the tale was true. A respectable merchant in my own English town once told me that he saw his tea-table covered with cups and saucers and the other tea paraphernalia, rise up from the floor without other than spiritual hands, and float about in the air. No doubt the Moors are credulous and simple: are not the English also credulous, though perhaps less simple?

Mohammed had told the Cherif of a certain peril which I ran during the Franco-German war, and of how I was delivered from it by

Freemasonry. Both he and his brother put me through a long examination about the war and about the mystic science. There are scarcely any Free and Accepted Masons amongst the Moors, although the existence of the order is well known. I was surprised to find how deep an interest was taken in the great war, and how earnestly information about it was sought for. After a long conversation upon it we had a comparison of fire-arms, the Cherif producing and taking to pieces a fine central-fire revolver he had lately acquired, and showing me several curious guns both of home and foreign manufacture, and carefully examining my fowling-piece.

When his brother left us, Mohammed explained to the Cherif that I was about to write some letters, and I showed him the materials I carried with me. He went at once into his house, and came back with a complete and handsome writing-case with pens, paper, envelopes, &c., and his secretary brought a large bottle of capital ink. They left me alone for about an hour, and then returned to watch me write, being much amused with my beginning at the wrong side, as they

deemed it, and writing so rapidly. Then the Cherif played to me upon the organ, and brought out the large musical-box which plays Arabic airs, and set it going, he singing one after another of the favourite songs. I had a few simple tricks with me which amused him much, and by and by we had tea. One or two saints had dropped in, and we sat about in the alcove, and three slaves brought the materials and a great somovar. The secretary first put in a quantity of green tea, and then filled the pot with loaf sugar, afterwards letting the boiling water soak through it and fill up the interstices. When the sugar had melted he put a handful of sweet-scented geranium into the pot, and poured the tea into small Venetian glass tumblers. The custom is to drink it with considerable noise, and to take three tumblers at each brewing. After we had finished, the Cherif filled two tumblers and handed them to Souci and to his own Moorish attendant. This courtesy to the servants is never neglected.

I went to bed that night with a happy and thankful heart. I had imagined all manner of danger and difficulty about my expedition, and all

my imaginings had been vain. I had reached my farthest point without any sort of an adventure, and I had met with kindness and gracious hospitality which had quite surprised me. But far greater is my surprise now, when I have read the accounts which some recent travellers have given of their reception when passing through much of the same country. I cannot but feel indignant when I read the wide and sweeping condemnation of a true and noble race of men who, if well governed by men of their own blood, would assuredly prove no unworthy sons of the Moors of Seville, Granada, and Cordova, but who will certainly perish rather than submit to foreign domination. I do not wish to make too much of my brief experience, but the experience of others has been brief also. I cannot gainsay the strange statements which they make. I can only fall back upon the good old saying of the Talmud: "Men find what they go out to seek."

CHAPTER XI.

WÁZAN.

I LAY down to sleep upon the mattrass on the floor of my room, Souci sleeping on some rugs in the alcove, but my ague of Al Kasar had not left me, and I found that the only way to avoid the miserable shivering was to creep into the bed under nine thicknesses of beautiful coverlets. My head, too, was somewhat affected with wearing the turban, which is rather heavy and irksome at first; and I had a troublesome touch of ophthalmia, which was soon cured by washing my eyes with a weak solution of sulphate of zinc. This I found an invaluable medicine, for ophthalmia is exceedingly common, and I had several cases to treat. Before the end of the second day at Wazan I was fairly installed as head physician to the Cherif, and had himself and his entire court on my books. Happily for me

the complaints upon which I was consulted were slight, and such as were easily relieved. Some of them, indeed, occasioned me some perplexity, but I was able to treat them successfully, or, at least, to the patient's satisfaction, by the exercise of a little diplomacy. Seidlitz powders were in constant demand, and I increased their apparent efficiency by occasionally adopting Dr. Leared's plan of dissolving each paper in separate half-tumblers of water, and administering them in rapid succession. The effect was startling, and the scene was, at times, intensely ludicrous. The patient swallowing each draught with a solemn air, the surrounding friends gazing upon the performance with the intensest curiosity, the speedy eructative explosion followed by cries of wonder and delight, were quite too much for pseudo professional gravity.

But the perplexing cases were those of men who found their physical powers waning with increasing years, and their attractiveness in the eyes of their domestic authorities diminishing. Fortunately I had with me a small bottle of very strong essence of ginger, and to such men

I administered as much of this as I dared give, in the same water as the seidlitz powder. This remedy became fashionable, from which I inferred that it had "a manifold operation."

I did not like playing at doctor, and was always careful to explain that I really knew next to nothing about the matter, but there seems to be a general impression in Morocco that all Englishmen are "unto the manner born;" and the high class Moors know well that our drugs are better than those which they usually get.

In one of my conversations with the Cherif and his secretary, we mutually explained something of the position of surgical science in our respective countries. They were much shocked to hear how common a practice amputation is amongst us. Amongst them it is unknown; and they mentioned many instances of extraordinarily successful dealing with complicated compound fractures. The plan adopted is to replace, as far as possible, the splinters of bone, to set the broken parts and bind them together with splints, and leather or cotton bandages,

which are then cemented so that the whole setting is kept rigidly in place.

But I have got far away from the morning of October 16th. I rose early, for it was meant that we should go out upon a great boar-hunting expedition. Early as I was, I found the Cherif up and about when I came out of the delicious morning tub, and the great company of beaters were ready for the fray. But it never came off. There was some hitch, connected with the building going on at the foot of the garden, which I never clearly understood but which delayed our start, and then a great cavalcade of pilgrims from Tafilet arrived before they were expected, and had to be attended to. There were more than a hundred and fifty of these wanderers, men, women, and children, who had made this long journey over desert and difficult ground, a journey of twenty-five travelling days, in order that they might kneel before this young man, and kiss his hands, knees or feet. He was to them the representative of God upon earth, and they seemed to regard him with absolute worship.

Bands of pilgrims arrived, oftener than the day, all the time that I was at Wazan. They did not come empty-handed, but brought with them offerings of their best; and the Cherif entertained them right hospitably, providing them with a garden to camp in, and sending them tables from his own kitchen, where he told me three cooks and many assistants are kept constantly employed.

They begin their work early in the morning. The Cherif himself was always up before six o'clock, and when I rose at six, coffee was at once brought me. At nine I had quite a "square" meal: tea with real cream; rice boiled in cream and flavoured with orange-flower water; great girdle cakes, and other delicacies of the kind, with grapes and melon *ad libitum*. About ten o'clock I went down to the market, which is a very large one. It was rather a formidable opportunity. Four of the Cherif's men went before me, crying "Balak! Balak!", and pushing mules and men out of the road, and Mohammed and Hadji followed me. Many of the people came up and kissed me on the hands, chest, or back.

The market was more purely a business one than any other I had seen. The different articles sold are usually grouped together, and here this was carefully attended to. The fruit was peculiarly fine, and the butchers' meat plentiful, and apparently of good quality. The Berbers mustered very strongly, and the whole affair was wilder, and much more interesting than any other I saw. The people were curious, but more than civil. I did not see many Jews. Naturally in the sacred city of Mohammedan Morocco they are at a discount; although they seemed to me to be spoken to and treated with unusual kindness. They are, of course, confined to a special quarter, and they must not wear their slippers excepting in their own quarter; they must wear the black fez; must always make way for Mohammedans: and have many other petty and annoying social regulations imposed upon them.

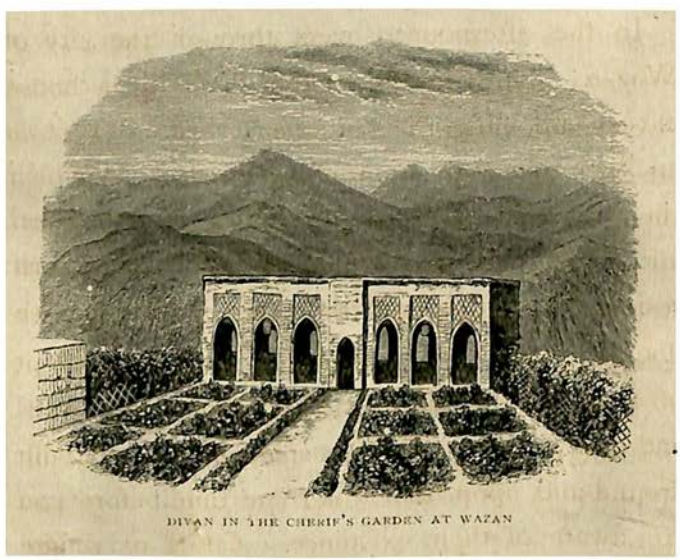
There is something peculiarly pleasant about these Moorish markets. They are scenes of intense activity, eager bargaining, and much good-humoured chaff. In a large one like that

at Wazan the people are quite crowded together, and cover a great space, for there are not less than four thousand buyers and sellers, besides camels, mules, donkeys, and cattle. The hum of many voices reminds you of the mid-day bourse at Hamburg, but there you have nothing but that wondrous hum; here you have also countless pictures to gaze upon. Every fresh group is a fresh picture: each individual man is worth looking at. And then there is quite a peculiar feeling occasioned by the isolation which you stand in "midst the noise, the hum, the shock of men," but there is nothing oppressive about it, for infectious good-humour is everywhere around you, and the sun shines every day.

It shines almost too much sometimes. This special morning its heat was terrific, and when I got back to my garden I had a blinding head-ache. The Cherif at once saw this, and asking me to remove my turban, poured orange-flower water over my head and neck until I was quite soaked with it. The relief was instantaneous. It did not absolutely take away the aching, but it removed the stinging and blinding pain.

I still find this remedy a valuable one in severe headache.

It was interesting to sit and rest in the shade of my alcove, with the glorious mountain view spread out before me, and to watch the men who were busily engaged in cementing the flat



DIVAN IN THE CHERIF'S GARDEN AT WAZAN

roof of the divan at the bottom of the garden. They worked in a line which stretched right across the roof, and held a flattener in each hand, which they beat alternately and rhythmically, singing all together all the time in unison.

They laboured incessantly under that burning sun, and seemed to do their task in a careful and methodical way. About noon every one takes a siesta which lasts from two to three hours. It is too hot to do anything else, and you soon learn the charm of high and windowless rooms when you come to turn in at mid-day.

In the afternoon I went through the city of Wazan. The Cherif's brother lives in a house closely adjoining that of the Cherif. There is an open space in front of their gates, in which their horses and mules are tethered in the open air. That part of the city in which the Cherif resides is a refuge, and there are low walls with door-ways through them which seem to mark it off from the rest of the city, although these walls and door-ways are so inconspicuous, and so built around and upon, that it is some time before you are aware of their existence. Cities of refuge are by no means uncommon in Morocco, and they serve the same purpose as those which were instituted under the Mosaic law. They afford time for reflection, and prevent the sudden and revengeful murders which are only too frequent

in a land where the bitter old dispensation is still in full force. The criminal who reaches one is safe, for the temporal power has no authority over these spiritual domains.

And yet there are ways of punishing even those who have taken refuge—at all events where they have committed murder. In such cases the life of the murderer is forfeited, and the nearest relatives of the murdered man pursue him with relentless ferocity until they have taken his life. It is the old Jewish plan—the vendetta of modern Italy. But, in some cases, the relatives are prevailed upon to accept a sum of blood-money, and abandon their privilege. If the criminal is in sanctuary, he is left alone whilst the negotiations respecting him are being carried on, but, if they prove unsuccessful, a guard is set over him to prevent either food or drink being given him, and he has to abandon his refuge or to die of starvation.

The greater number of persons who seek refuge are unfortunate rather than criminal; debtors flying from obdurate creditors, or persons suspected of political offences. The Cherif is

often able to aid such men, and no doubt this contributes greatly to his popularity.

In all Moorish towns "birds of a feather flock together;" you find the different trades keep to their own quarters, but this is more strikingly the case at Wazan than in any other town I saw. The streets are cleaner and sweeter than is usual in Moorish towns, and the bazaars are very picturesque, vines, woodbine, &c., covering the trellises above the shops, and forming a perfect shade. We made quite a long tour of these extensive bazaars, and bought many things. I was the most interested in the kouscusoo, a woollen fabric covered with little specks of wool like the grains of corn which form the national dish from which it takes its name. We watched its manufacture for some time, and also the making of the excellent yellow slippers, which are produced here on a great scale. I saw no embroidery; none of the drinking-shops that Dr. Rohlfs speaks of; nor did I see any signs of the debauchery with which he discredits Wazan. I was a little disappointed at not finding any curiosities characteristic of the place,

but Wazan is not a commercial town, but emphatically a sacred city, a place of pilgrimage.

We passed through steep streets until we came to a spot whence we could obtain a view of the whole city and the surrounding country, and very pretty it is, quite a unique place in fact, climbing up and down the hills and nestling amongst the trees with a quiet peaceful look of its own, with its two great valleys opening east and west, long stretches of richly-wooded and fertile land, and range upon range of mountains in every direction.

The only difficulty we experienced was at the prison, which the gaoler refused to allow us to enter. We had none of the Cherif's people with us, and he said firmly and properly that he did not know us, and we could not go in. Hadji Mohammed wished me to insist upon entering, but I thought the man was quite right, and did not push the thing. I was again surprised with the uniform kindness and courtesy we experienced. People joined us and led us to the most interesting places, and often, when they left us, came up and kissed my hand or shoulder

with a courteous word. I could not refrain from patting one dear little brown lassie's bonny cheek as she threw back her haik to kiss my hand. The people were evidently not a little puzzled about me, sometimes seeing me in a wide-awake, and sometimes in a turban; the only person who shook hands with the Cherif, who wore his shoes, and even smoked his pipe, in the august presence. As I returned from our ramble through the city, I met the Cherif's brother going to the mosque surrounded by a crowd of courtiers, and the people kissing him and them. He stopped to salute me and to ask me a few questions of ceremony, and I was again deeply impressed with the beauty of his thoughtful but worn face.

It is never easy to speak certainly about the age of a Moorish town. Wazan has no appearance of great antiquity. It is not mentioned by Edrisi, Leo Africanus, or Marmol, and the truth probably is that it was founded (as I mentioned at p. 19) by the great Cherif, Mulai Abdullah, about the middle of the seventeenth century.

My dinner was again a marvellous affair. In addition to the fowls and ducks, I had a huge

dish of a kind of ginger-bread floating in eggs, oil, and butter, and a delicious cake of forty-eight large diamond-shaped macaroons each with some kind of jelly inside it. When I add that I had coffee three times during the day, and twelve tumblers of green tea, it will be readily imagined that the circumstances were too strong for even the best digestion.

When night fell, the garden walks were all illuminated by countless lamps, and many of the shrubs had lamps amongst their branches. Some of these were more curious than beautiful when you came to examine them, for they had evidently been intended as English gig-lamps, but they did very well in the darkness. I had with me a large quantity of magnesium ribbon and of various coloured fires, and when our evening party had all gathered in the alcove, I slipped down and lighted up the whole place, to the great delight not only of the spectators in the garden, but of many more in the Cherif's house. None of my friends had ever seen them before, and, when the performance was over, I had to give them a long description of the use of

coloured fires at sea, and of magnesium ribbon in lighting up caves, mines, &c.; and the Cherif's brother went thoroughly into the matter, and asked me more questions than I could answer.

Then we had a long talk about ruins in the neighbourhood, and the Cherif proposed that we should make a picnic the next day to a place called Asigen. He could not go because it would be Friday, the Mohammedan Sabbath, and his brother would have to stay behind for the same reason, and would leave early on the following day for Fez, but his secretary would accompany me, and I could explore the most important ruins in the neighbourhood. Mergo he had never heard of, but he described a curious stone on the road between Wazan and Mequinez, close to Had Dikina, which must be well worth visiting. I much regret that I did not go to it, although it was a day and a half's ride off. He said that at Bu-Hellol, the mountain to the south of the town, there was a strange old cistern which he called Roman. I found him ready and willing to answer every question I asked, and to facilitate my visiting every ruin I wished to see, so

long as I did not go into the mountains on the south-east, which he described as quite too dangerous.

During the evening, Mohammed, in describing our walks through the city, mentioned that we had been unable to see the prison because the gaoler refused to allow us to enter. I noticed the Cherif call a slave and whisper to him, but I did not couple the two things together. Soon afterwards he said to me that he had punished the gaoler for his impertinence. I immediately said I hoped it was not so, because the man did not know me and was only acting in accordance with his duty. The Cherif replied that he had made an example of him, and had ordered him to be imprisoned and to receive four hundred lashes, so that all men might know that I was to be treated with as much respect as he was himself, and that I was to go whereever I pleased. I was quite distressed, and begged him urgently to forgive the man, and at length prevailed upon him to cancel the sentence or greatly to reduce it. So the unfortunate gaoler escaped with but three days

imprisonment, and a hundred blows from a stick as the reward for his over-zeal. I was relieved to find that he had not been bastinadoed, for that is a very serious affair indeed. The beating with a stick is not thought much of, but the whole affair showed me painfully how arbitrary is the power which is wielded in Morocco by men in authority.

CHAPTER XII.

ASIGEN, THE ANCIENT EZAGGEN.

OUR picnic in the ruins of the old town of Asigen was a great success. We left Wazan at half past six in the morning of the 17th October, the Cherif seeing us off, and expressing much regret that he was unable to accompany us himself. His secretary, who was a charming young fellow, full of life, and most polite and thoughtful, and the Cherif's portly friend who had met me when I came to Wazan, led the party, and a gallant cavalcade it formed. Mohammed, Hadji Mohammed, and my cook, I took with me, so that six of us were mounted; and we had a guard of twelve mountaineers, scantily dressed but heavily armed, all carrying long knives and great decorated matchlocks, all with bare heads, their dark bodies scarcely

covered with the funniest bits of jelabiah cunningly patched together, their brown or black legs and heads quite bare, and with heelless slippers which had perhaps once been yellow, but were now of the hue of a well-coloured meerschaum-pipe. Wild, gay, happy fellows they were, running and leaping like hares under the bright burning sun.

We descended to the market-place (soko) and then turned away to the east through a country of gardens, all of which, the secretary told me, belonged to the Cherif. We soon pursued a more northerly direction and passed through a rich mountain valley with a little stream running through it, the banks of which were shaded by oleanders. Before long, the soldiers scattered over the country seeking for partridge, and I dismounted and joined them. The birds were very wild, and I found it hard work pushing through the sharp hard thistles, often high above my head, and dead and dry as a bone, but quite as tough. The shooting was not brilliant, and the soldiers were much troubled because I would let the birds rise before

I fired. They stalked them carefully, and not infrequently were so close to them when they fired that there was but a small bit of bird left to tell the tale. When I had had enough of it I lent my gun to Mohammed, who became so excited that he forgot to cock it, and we laughed at him until he was rather angry. Then a partridge driven from the front came right at him, and he let off both barrels without touching the bird, which flew far away, but he picked up a feather which he brought to me in much triumph to prove that he had certainly touched it. And so we went along with much fun and merriment. From time to time the men got into a state of intense excitement, and, all gathering together, fired off quite terrific *feux de joie* accompanied by wild cries, and often threw their long matchlocks into the air, catching them and discharging them as they fell. It was very strange to hear them calling to each other, "Absalom, oh, Absalom;" "Aissa, oh, Aissa," and so forth. They were certainly a strange lot of fellows to look at; every man amongst them a picture; but they were real

hearty, good-humoured, plucky men, and ready to help in any way they could.

The Cherif of Asigen had been warned that we were coming, and was waiting for us some half hour from his village with a large guard of armed men. He was a tall, thin, grave man of some sixty years, a man who would sit admirably for one of the patriarchs; his sad, gentle, but refined face, was wonderfully attractive. We had been travelling due north for some time, but now turned again to the east, and speedily came to the spot where the Jews of Wazan are allowed to bury their dead, called by them Amerum, and by the Moors, Bu Darrawa. It is nicely kept, and looks very pretty with its neat graves shaded by trees. The ruined city is within a few hundred yards of this spot, but it is so entirely overgrown with trees and underwood that you do not see any part of it until you are actually at it.

It has evidently been a large place, and one of considerable importance. All round it there has been a wall of immense concrete blocks which looked to me like Roman work, but the houses

inside it are undoubtedly Moorish. I dismounted, and, accompanied by Mohammed and the Cherif of the little village of El Guzaro (which is close to the ruins) I explored every nook and cranny of the place in the hope of finding some inscription which might throw light upon its history. It was a somewhat perilous task, for both scorpions and snakes were numerous amongst the heaps of *débris* which I turned over, and I had many a warning from Mohammed, who did not like the task. The Cherif, however, stuck gallantly to me, and, pulling up the heels of our slippers to protect our bare feet a little, we pushed through the bushes into house after house, examined the elaborate contrivances for the conveyance of water, and searched high and low for writing of any kind, but we found none. The Cherif told me that he had never seen or heard of any, although he also said that he had never seen so much of the ruins before.

The outside walls of many houses are nearly perfect, often standing twenty or thirty feet high, but the interiors are completely ruined. There are traces of baths and of places for cooking,

but, upon the whole, I have never visited any extensive ruins which repaid careful search so scantily. To explore them thoroughly would be a work of several days, and you should be provided with proper implements to clear away the great heaps of rubbish. I did not see anything but the outside wall of the town which in any way suggested Roman work.

And now the question arises, what is this ruined town called Asigen to-day, and how comes it to be a ruin? I have examined into this matter carefully, and have come to the following conclusions:—

M. E. Renou, in his excellent *Description Géographique de l'Empire de Maroc*, says: "Peut-être Ezaggen n'est il autre que Ouezzân, ville dont ne parlent ni Léon ni Marmol, et qui ne parait cependant pas moderne. Mais ce qui tendrait à jeter le plus de doute sur cette opinion, c'est que Marmol, qui copie toujours si exactement Léon, a ajouté ici quelques détails qui font voir qu'il a obtenu des renseignements sur cette ville, ou qu'il l'a vue lui-même. Le marché du mardi, qui se tient peut-être

encore dans la même localité, aiderait à la faire retrouver." I have already stated my reasons for believing that Wazan is a comparatively modern town, founded certainly since the time of either Leo or Marmol; and I have no doubt that the ruined town of Asigen, as it is now called, is the Ezaggen of Leo and Marmol.

I spell its name as it was always pronounced to me, and as I wrote it down when entirely ignorant of its history. In a letter which I have recently had about it from Madame de Wazan, she corrects my spelling of Ezaggen, and writes it as I did at first; but I observe that Mohammed (who knows nothing of its history, and who had never heard of it before we visited it) spells it Egzaggen when writing to me about it. The fact is that there is no dependence to be placed upon any test founded on a slight orthographical difference.

Edrisi says: "From Ceuta to go to Fez you have to make eight days, going by Zaddjân." This is probably the Ezaggen of Leo, who goes into the following detail concerning "Ezággen, a towne of Habat."

"This towne was built by the ancient Africans upon the side of a mountain, almost ten miles distant from Guarga: all which distance being plaine ground, serueth for corn-fields and gardens: howbeit the hilles are farre more fruitfull. This towne is distant from Fez almost threescore and ten miles, and containeth to the number of fiue hundred families, out of the territorie whereof there is the summe of tenne thousand ducates yeerely gathered for tribute, with which tribute the governour of the same towne is bound to maintaine on the king's behalfe fower hundred horsemen for the defence of the whole region. For they are often molested with inuasions of the Portugals, who proceed wasting and spoiling the countrey, sometimes fortie, and sometimes fiftie miles. Here is but little ciuility to be found, neither are the people but homely apparalled, though they be verie rich. They haue a priuilege granted them by the ancient kings of Fez to drinke wine, which is otherwise forbidden by the law of Mahumet, and yet none of them all will abstaine from drinking it."

Luys de Marmol Carvajal, who was born at

Granada in 1520, was taken prisoner by the Moors in 1536, and was nearly eight years in Morocco. He traversed Barbary and Egypt sometimes as a slave and sometimes as a free man, and he has reproduced Leo's work, making many additions to it from his own observations. He says of Ezaggen: "At three leagues from the river of Erguile, upon the slope of a mountain, is an ancient town built by the people of the country, which has a fine plain between it and the river, where there are many gardens, and where they reap much corn, as well as on the mountain, the soil of which is very good. It is twenty-three leagues from Fez, and has some seven hundred inhabitants, with many hamlets in the neighbourhood which are in its jurisdiction, without mentioning others which are of the same government. But the governor is obliged to support five hundred horses for the protection of the province, because of the Portuguese of the frontier, who went formerly fifteen or twenty leagues into the country. This place has good walls, and beautiful to behold, and the inhabitants are rich, and conform, for the most

part, to the inhabitants of Fez, although some dress like the Berbers. The king allows them to make wine and to drink it, and they make it excellently, and have large vineyards. There are many springs in the town which, leaving it, water the fields, where they grow, because of that, much flax and hemp. There is a market there every Tuesday, to which the Arabs and Berbers of the country come with goods of the country and provisions."

Madame de Wazan informs me that Ezaggen was destroyed in consequence of great tribal disturbances in some way connected with the attempt of one of its Bashaws to marry a daughter of one of the great Cherifs, but this is only a tradition and no date is given. She also says that no wine is made there now, and that no Tuesday's market is held in the neighbourhood.

There is a fine mountain-range near to the ruined city of Ezaggen which the Cherif's secretary told me was called Ra-hona. I find in Leo mention of this mountain which he also calls Mount Rahona. He says it is "Neere

unto Ezaggen, and containeth in length thirtie miles and in breadth twelue miles."

I think that there can be little doubt that the ruins which I visited were none other than those of the ancient city of Ezaggen, which has been erroneously supposed to be one and the same with the modern city of Wazan.

After I had finished my "howking" and exploring I joined the rest of our party, who were snugly bivouacked in a splendid lemon and pomegranate grove quite close to the ruins, with a clear stream flowing past it, "a shady nook and cool" even in that torrid heat. It was a sight never to be forgotten. Thick Moorish rugs had been spread on the ground, and, discarding slippers, we sat or reclined upon them at pleasure. The secretary was exquisitely attired in a rather tight kouscusoo jelabiah with a delicate cashmere one over it, both snowy white: the Captain (as I had christened the Cherif's friend) had a pale blue jelabiah over a white one; Hadji Mohammed (who, being a Hadji, was a great man at Wazan) had come out in new clothes and shone in all the colours of the rainbow:

Mohammed Lamarti wore a very short smooth white jelab and light brown, baggy, breeches: the Cherif of the village and I had white alone. The men were gathered in knots at a little distance, their arms piled against the trees; and the mules were tethered in line close at hand. The Cherif brought a great armful of pomegranates which he said were "the finest in the world," and which we discussed leisurely for some time, cracking many a joke by the way. Then we each had three tumblers of tea, prepared with herbs in the true orthodox fashion, and green, of course. After this there came a procession of men from the village bearing a marvellous breakfast, seven tables, and some of them with three different dishes on. One dish was of the thinnest pancakes cooked with honey, and honey entered largely into the feast in every way. There was a big bowl of pressed honey, and a great dish of honey-combs of superb quality. There were fowls, ducks, partridges, rabbits, and some things which I could not make out, and, of course, kouscusoo. The five Moors and I squatted round a table; the secretary divided the dish

into portions, and we ate it with our fingers. I found it the hardest work I ever undertook. To dip a piece of bread into a bowl of honey, and convey the dripping morsel to your mouth without soiling your clean white dress, is a task which requires care and practice. When we were busy with the pancakes I expressed myself warmly in their praise, upon which the secretary promised that I should breakfast upon them at Wazan; and he faithfully performed his promise. I was soon satisfied, but politeness compelled me to eat much more than I wished for, and yet all I could do would not satisfy my too-hospitable friends. They could not understand what they called my small appetite, and indeed, by theirs it seemed small indeed. Never have I seen so much food consumed at a sitting, and I must admit that the sight was not a pleasant one. I no longer marvelled that seidlitz powders and rhubarb pills should be at a premium in Morocco. It is true that there are only two meals in the day, but the quantity taken by each man at a sitting is as much as would serve a valiant trencher-man in England for half a week.

After breakfast we had more tea, and this was repeated thrice before we left, so that I had fifteen glasses of green tea in this wood! It is a little heavy on the nerves. Then some of my friends accepted cigarettes, and we smoked, and chatted, and watched the soldiers at their breakfast, and chaffed poor Hadji, whose love of honey was such that he finished the bowl. It was strange to see the soldiers, after they had finished eating, quietly sitting in a circle and enjoying their tea quite as truly and with better effects than English soldiers enjoy their grog. I never witnessed anything so like a fairy-tale; the picturesque groups of swarthy men, the gaily-caparisoned mules, the interlacing lemon and pomegranate trees with their bright foliage and beautiful fruit, green grass below us, and clear water flowing near; and away beyond the wood the hills, almost seeming to palpitate in the fierce light and heat from which we were hidden.

After some excellent coffee we all gathered together and shot at earthenware pots. The soldiers with their long matchlocks did not shoot

so well as I expected. Each man had his own attitude; several lying flat on the ground, and one or two sitting. I let several of them try my gun, and every man had one or two shots with my revolver. They were much pleased with both, and took a great interest in seeing them loaded, and the fowling-piece taken to pieces and put together. The simplicity of the breech-loading arrangement commended itself to them instantly.

By this time it was about mid-day, and, as it was their Sabbath, the secretary called the men to prayers. I offered to go away, but they begged me to stay with them, which I did very willingly, for he conducted an entire service which lasted nearly half an hour, and which was of much interest. I could not understand what was said, but each separate prayer, invocation, or salutation, was accompanied by a change of posture. At first all stood in lines, the secretary facing them, and each man having both hands raised to the ears, with the palms in a line with the face. Then they put their hands down to their sides. Some-

times they knelt with the head bowed down and the hands on the knees; at other times they touched the earth with their foreheads or with their hands whilst they were kneeling; and once they bowed low whilst standing, and seemed to try to touch the earth with the tips of their fingers; and once, at least, they stood upright and stretched out their arms with the palms of the hands turned upwards, as though they had asked a blessing of Heaven and were waiting to receive it.

The whole service struck me as being devout, and with a living meaning for some of those who took part in it. The expression of more than one face recalled to me scenes I have witnessed in England, in assemblies of different sects, when the worshippers have separated believing that the Divine Spirit has aided them by its presence. Who dare say that the worship offered in that lemon-grove was not also accepted by the Father of Spirits who "seeth not as man seeth"?

The sun was still too hot when the service was over to allow us to start on our homeward

journey. Most of the party took their siesta, but I made friends with the Cherif's son, a fine boy of about ten years, and won his heart by drawing him some dogs and horses, and by giving him a few percussion-caps and a lead-pencil. The Cherif was awake, and he and the soldiers who could not sleep, gathered round and took the deepest interest in my wretched drawings. As for the pencil and caps, and a few empty cartridge-cases, they were tied up in a pocket-handkerchief with so much care and so many knots, that they have probably only been released by the summary process of cutting. I was much taken with this Cherif and his son. They slipped off for half an hour and came back laden with tiles, bricks, and other relics of interest from the ruins, and with a quantity of fine pomegranates which I brought back to England with me. They were evidently poor, but were refined and gentle, and had a dignified, quiet, Old Testament appearance which was very winning. I could not look at them without the thought of Abraham and Isaac always coming to my mind.

We left the bivouac soon after two o'clock, the Cherif setting us to the limits of his domains, and the soldiers scattering over the hills, and getting an occasional shot at rabbit or partridge. I did not see, either on this excursion or in any other place, any jackals, although we frequently heard them barking at night. The places where we should go to shoot wild boar were pointed out to me, and the secretary told me that, on some of their great expeditions, as many as twelve pigs (besides numbers of jackals and smaller game) had been shot. It took us rather more than two hours to reach Wazan. When we were yet two miles from the city we got the best view of it. A low hill covered with olive-trees lay before us, hiding the lower parts of the town, but the greater part of it stood on the richly wooded slopes of noble Bu-Hellol stretching away on either hand, the white houses and many minarets finely contrasting with the deep green of the surrounding foliage.

When we got home the Cherif and "all of" his people came to welcome us. Each of them shook hands with me, and congratulated me

upon my safe return. After a delicious tub I went to watch the Aissawa who were dancing at a short distance from the garden. They are a numerous and powerful religious fraternity who are said by some writers to recognise the "Prophet Jesus" as their spiritual chief, and to claim by His aid to be able to work miracles. It is more probable that they take their name from that of their founder, Sidi Mohammed ben Aissa, who lived in the reign of Muley Ismäel. To this fraternity belong the serpent-charmers, who are one of the most striking features of the Moorish markets, but none of whom I was so fortunate as to see.

The men I watched began to jump up and down, at first very slowly to melancholy music—scarcely jumping at all in fact—rather simply raising themselves up on their toes and dropping back again. Soon, however, without any apparent reason, they grew greatly excited; threw aside their clothes, and shouted and leapt in a wild and startling way. Men passing by joined them. The leaping became faster and faster, until they seemed to go quite mad with furious excitement,

and some of them even relieved their feelings by dashing their heads against a wall. It was to me a very sad performance; but I have seen as intense religious excitement manifested in our own land in ways almost as repugnant. What I saw was, however, very little and mild compared with that which does at times take place at great religious festivals. Then these Aissawa give themselves up to the wildest frenzy, cutting themselves with knives, throwing up large stones and allowing them to fall upon their bare heads, eating glass and burning wood, and tearing sheep and goats to pieces and attempting to devour the bleeding flesh. At such times there is little doubt that it would be really dangerous for a Christian to come across them.

After a sumptuous and quite new dinner I had again a kind of levée, but I must mention a little incident which occurred whilst I was dining, and which had amusing consequences. Souci knew a few words of English, and was fond of airing them. When a boiled fowl made its appearance I mistook it, in the dark, for a rabbit, and asked Souci if it was one. He at once told

the Cherif's old servant that I wanted a rabbit, but I only found this out when Mohammed arrived. Then I explained that I had never dreamed of asking for anything of the kind, that I did not particularly care about rabbits, that I had much rather leave myself absolutely in the cook's hands, and so forth, but it was too late. The old servant had told the Cherif, who had given the command that, on the following day, rabbits were to be forthcoming.

My first guest was the Bashaw, who was evidently somewhat ill at ease. He was shy and constrained. The Cherif gave him his own place, and I showed him pictures, or rather tried to show him them, but he could not understand them. It was exactly the same thing to him if they were upside down or the right side up. He was not able to make anything of them. This was the more curious, as the Cherif and his secretary went through them with me afterwards, and thoroughly enjoyed them. The Bashaw was exceedingly dark, and had rather a morose air. He said that he had sent out a guard of soldiers to meet me when I came, and seemed surprised

that I had seen nothing of them. He apologised to me for not having called before, but he had been busy. The fact is that, on the day after I reached Wazan, I had gone, as I supposed, to call upon the Bashaw, and only now found that the supposed Bashaw was the elder brother's secretary. It was no use, however, entering into difficult explanations, so I showed the shy and morose man a few tricks, and burned some magnesium ribbon for him, and at last he fairly thawed and became very interesting. He gave me quite a lively account of how he went with his uncle, the great Cherif, on the pilgrimage to Mecca, how they visited Marseilles, and travelled in a railway train to see what it was like, and how alarmed they were when it dashed into a tunnel. He asked me many questions about London, and stayed for nearly an hour, greeting me with much cordiality when he went away.

So soon as he was gone the Cherif told me that he knew the Bashaw was not speaking the truth when he said he had sent soldiers to meet us. I learned that the reigning family of Morocco has been for some time jealous of the power and

influence exercised by the great Cherif and his family, and that the Bashaw has only been appointed in late years, and is supposed to govern one-half of the city. His power is but little, yet there is a patent coolness of relations between the Cherif and him.

One or two saints came up to take tea with us. I produced a map, which gave them great delight, and I was surprised to find how well the Cherif understood it. I had to point out all the principal places in Morocco, and some of those in Spain, and then to show them whereabouts Londra was. They never spoke of England, but always of Londra. Then I described to them our railways, the electric telegraph, the telephone, our coal-pits, our great manufactories, &c., they constantly interrupting me by pertinent and intelligent questions. We drifted by degrees into Moorish matters. The Cherif explained to me that in the religious services of the day he had taken no part. The Mufti had read the prayers, he had been one of the congregation. He spoke of our different faiths, but that we both believed in

the same God, and that there did not seem to him to be the wide difference between us that some men thought. I showed him my little case of photographs. When he came to my eldest daughter he said she was my second wife. I explained to him that I only had one, and had no desire to have more, whereat he shook with laughter. He said that if I would only stay with him altogether, and would eat as much as he did, I should be well able to manage four wives. I told him of an old Polish friend of mine who had chosen his wife when she was very young, and had her specially educated so that she might be exactly what he wished, but that he said "I found I could manage four horses but not one woman." The Cherif laughed again, and said that in Morocco also the ladies have much of their own way. Most Moors have only one wife because they cannot afford more, but it is expected of a rich man (especially if he be a saint) that he should have more, and most rich men have the four allowed by the Prophet. He thought it a very monstrous thing to imprison a man because he

had married two wives. He explained that the wives either live in separate houses, or have separate suites of apartments, and separate establishments. The families of the different wives mix together freely so long as they are little.

When I asked whether the women had any aim or occupation in life beyond that of pleasing their husbands the Cherif seemed amused. He told me that they had, in the first place, their household duties to attend to, and that, besides seeing that the work of the house was properly performed, they not only looked after, but actually made much of the clothing. They both spin and weave, and many of them are skilful in embroidery. Besides this they have many social duties to perform, and much visiting goes on amongst them. Indeed it would seem that they have quite as much to do, and apparently, do it quite as well, as many women of the upper or even of the middle class in England.[1]

[1] "Those husbands that are able allow their wives Negra's, or black women, to doe all the servile offices in the family; but yet there is no quality that sits idle; for the chief of the Maresco

I asked him about the veiling of the face, which he said was traditional, and not abso-

MOORISH WOMAN OF THE UPPER CLASS IN WALKING DRESS.

lutely enjoined by the Koran. The Koran

Dames imploy their time in some thrifty huswifry. And this prevents that custom of *expensive gossippings*, with which in some *nations* so many wives are debauched, and husbands beggar'd." *West Barbary*, by Lancelot Addison, Chaplain to His Majesty in Ordinary. Printed at the Theater in Oxford, 1671.

does not in any way place women upon a lower platform than men, either as regards this life or that which is to come. On the contrary, it lays down very clear rules for their fair and kind treatment, and it certainly enjoins that they have a part in the future life. I must say that I was surprised to hear this, for I had been quite under the idea that Tom Hood's "Where woman has never a soul to save" expressed an undoubted Mohammedan doctrine. Upon referring since to Sale's Koran, however, I find that this matter is very clearly treated, and that the Prophet taught that, in the next life, women will not only be punished for their evil actions, but will also receive the reward of their good deeds, and that in this case God will make no distinction of sexes.

The Cherif was surprised to hear that, in England, a gentleman is accustomed to wait upon his wife, and to do her many little services, and that women are deferred to and waited upon whether they be married or single. He asked me many questions as to the way in which we choose our wives. In Morocco,

amongst the high class Moors, it is by stealth or accident that a man sees the woman he is going to marry. He has, as a rule, to depend upon the report which is given him by his mother or sister.

I asked about the institution of slavery which prevails everywhere, and I explained to the Cherif that we greatly objected to it, and held freedom to be each man's inherent right, and that we believed all men equal in the eye of our common Father. He said that it was their custom to have slaves, but that this did not interfere with belief in the equality of all men before God; that no man lost caste by marrying a black woman, but that, on the contrary, it was very common. Mohammed told how he had bought his own wife in the slave-market, and had liked her so much that he had never taken another. The slaves are brought from the Soudan, generally when they are very young, and they are, for the most part, put to household work. Their treatment depends greatly upon their owners, but it is the custom to treat them well. They become Mohammedans, and

live on terms of equality with the white or Moorish servants. A runaway slave may be beaten or imprisoned, but if cruelly beaten he can insist upon being sold. There is no separation of husband and wife, and freedom is readily purchased. A dying man often liberates all his slaves.

I find amongst persons who have lived in Morocco a general consensus of opinion that the negro is in a better position in that country than in any which is governed by white people and in which he abounds.

I have no notes of the rest of our chat upon this very interesting evening. The Cherif, instead of retiring soon after eight, did not leave me until after ten o'clock. I asked him if I had wearied him with my many questions, but he said that it was a pleasure to find that I took so much interest in his people and their customs, and that I should have every information I desired, and which he or his secretary could give me. He told me that I had done well to travel alone, for he and all his people felt that it was a compliment to them that I

could trust myself amongst them. It says much for Mohammed's powers as an interpreter, that he had never been fairly at fault during a talk which lasted more than three hours, and in which five persons sometimes assisted.

CHAPTER XIII.

REST.

In spite of the Cherif's great kindness, I felt that I should in no way trespass upon it, and I was anxious not to exceed the customary three days' visit. I had tried to explain this to him, but he would not listen to it. He suggested many expeditions which I could make, one especially to the Druidical column I have mentioned; and he wished to show me his prowess both in pig-shooting and pig-sticking. I must stay at least a month. But I have always placed great faith in the old north country proverb "better leave them longing than loathing," and I stuck quietly to my point. Mohammed said, when we separated for the night, that it was of no use my trying to get away, for I could not do so without the Cherif's leave, and he would not give it.

However, when we met on the morning of the 18th he said at once that he had been thinking about it, and he wished my wishes to be respected in every way: that he was much disappointed, as he had expected that I would stay at least a month, but that I must promise to return and bring my family, when we should have the new building to live in. He was so good and kind about the matter that I nearly gave way and stayed.

I spent my morning in receiving visits from several great saints who lived in the neighbourhood, and who wanted to have a chat, or to be supplied with medicine; but I had also much fun with the Cherif's delightful boys, three and four years of age. I have not said how pleased I was with their greeting when I first arrived. This morning they came to me exquisitely dressed in green waistcoats beautifully embroidered with gold, plum-coloured jelabiahs, dove-coloured turbans and hoods, and little yellow slippers. The servants who brought them set them solemnly on chairs, kissing them reverently on the breast; but I soon had them

on my knees, and we had such high jinks as they would not soon forget. I had with me a number of children's india-rubber squeakers, and I armed each child, the secretary, Souci, all of the servants, and myself with these, and we soon brought papa and all his suite to see whatever was going on, and thoroughly did they all enter into and enjoy the fun. Those squeakers proved quite irresistible. In the night I heard a loud squeal, and, slipping out, discovered behind a corner a solemn Moor, half frightened and half ashamed. He had retired to enjoy his squeak all to himself in private, but had quite forgotton that it would not be a quiet squeak, and was trying in vain to stop it.

It is rather strange that in the case of the two sons of the great Cherif at Wazan, of his two little sons at Tangier, and of the two sons of the young Cherif of Wazan, the elder son should be of a quiet, studious, thoughtful nature; whilst the younger son is active and noisy.

The children at length left me and I was having some conversation with the young Cherif,

when the soldiers, who had gone off shooting in consequence of Souci's misinterpretation of the previous evening, returned bringing twenty rabbits with them, and, in the afternoon, six more rabbits and two partridges arrived. It was quite too absurd as man after man deposited his burden on the terrace; and Souci's mistake certainly afforded us much amusement. But it also gave me the opportunity of explaining how poor an interpreter he was, and of thus accounting for several strange messages which I feared the Cherif had, from time to time, received. I made Mohammed relate exactly what had happened that very morning when the secretary had come to see me, and only Souci was with me. We shook hands, and the secretary proceeded to make certain salutations, and to ask certain questions. Souci heard him with a sweet smile and then turned to me: "Him say good morning, Sare. Him say bery glad to see you. Sidi say bery glad to see you. Him say you bery good man. Sidi say you bery good man. All right, Sare." What could I reply? It was difficult to remain

moderately grave. I dared scarcely say a word, for fear as great a hash should be made of my choice and careful compliments, and so most certainly the reply and the question did not coincide. The secretary looked puzzled and a little hurt when he went away, but now we all had a hearty laugh over the messages received but assuredly not given.

In the afternoon I had a delightful and interesting walk. I had noticed as we rode into Wazan, when I first entered it, some ruins in a little village about a mile to the north-west of the city, and on the Al Kasar road. I asked the Cherif about them, and he said they were in the village of Kucheria, where many of the saints of the house of Wazan are buried, amongst them Sidi Abjeleel ben Ali El Kuchereene, one of the most noted of them all. I told him that I should like to go and see the place, and he said that I could do so; but when Mohammed found where I was going, he begged me not to. He said that it was altogether too dangerous, that I should certainly be killed, and that he would have nothing

to do with it. Hadji Mohammed was quite ready to go, and so we set off together. At starting, one of the Cherif's men opened the great door of the mosque, and I was allowed to enter it. The floor and the sides for about three feet in height are tiled with fine delicately-coloured tiles, arranged in geometrical patterns: a row of arches or columns runs down each side to support the roof: most of that which we should call the nave is sunk about four inches, and is known as the yard; it is only used when the mosque is full. There is a prayer-niche (Mihrab) in the eastern wall, and a kind of platform in the corner near it whence the Mufti reads and speaks to the people. The ceiling is of wood-work, and is richly coloured.

The tower of the mosque, which is a very prominent feature in the view from the Cherif's garden, is octagonal. It is well proportioned and effective, and has a smaller octagonal tower at the top, rising from the platform whence the Muezzin's cry to prayer is sent forth. This smaller tower bears a flag-staff which carries

a green[1] banner upon all great religious festivals. The whole of the tower is richly tiled with coloured tiles, a deep green hue prevailing.

Great pains have been taken so to select the Muezzin or Mhoudden in connection with this mosque that the call to prayer shall be suitably performed. This call to prayer is sent forth seven times in each day and night. Mohammed only laid down four times when prayer was necessary, but one of these (the evening prayer or Masa) has always been held to include that at sunset and that after sunset, so that the times observed in all Mohammedan lands are in the morning before sunrise—the Essebah: when noon is past, and the sun begins to decline from the meridian—the El Dohor: in the afternoon before sunset—the El Asser: in the evening—El Moghreb: and at night El Ascha. To these have usually been added that at dawn—El Foojar, and at noon—El Ouali.

[1] I am not sure of this colour, both green and blue were mentioned to me.

Mohammed had a strong belief in the excellence and in the need of prayer. He called it the pillar of religion and the key of paradise; and the night prayers seem to have had an especial charm for him. "Regularly perform thy prayer at the going down of the sun, at the first darkness of the night, and the reading of the daybreak, for the prayer of daybreak is borne witness unto by the angels."

And it was this cry in the night which I found so peculiarly impressive. About half-past two in the morning rang forth the deep solemn sound from many splendid voices, startling the surrounding stillness. As the first burst of harmony died away, you heard it replied to from the distant minarets of the city, and then it was again taken up by the choir above you, sometimes sinking to a low sweet whisper, sometimes swelling to a loud full triumphant chorus ringing out clear and strong. Night after night I listened to it with wonder and delight. It was no short call like that which I had previously heard at other places, but a true musical service of a rarely beautiful kind.

The words of this call to prayer are: "God is great! God is great! God is great! God is great! I testify that there is no God but God! I testify that there is no God but God! I testify that Mohammed is the Messenger of God! I testify that Mohammed is the Messenger of God! Come to prayer! Come to prayer! Prayer is better than sleep! Prayer is better than sleep! Come to salvation! Come to salvation! God is great! God is great! There is no other God but God!"

I think that when I spoke to the Cherif about this night-call to prayer, he told me that certain verses of the Koran were also chanted, but of this I cannot be sure, as I made no note of it at the time.

But I have got a long way from my walk. We strolled leisurely down to the village of saints, and, as we approached, two of them came out to meet us. To my surprise they received me most kindly, asked me into their houses, showed me the ruins—which turned out to be quite recent, and of houses which had been burned—the buildings in which the saints

lie, their gardens, and all that was to be seen. I did not push things at all, but they were thoroughly cordial, and seemed anxious to assist me in every way. Their chief, a real "jolly fat friar," rode back with me to Wazan. He was mounted on a splendid grey barb which he sat well, and which, from time to time, he made show off to great advantage. He was wonderfully dressed in a rich light-brown jelab with a snow-white haika below, and plum-coloured breeches. He was going to have his monthly blood-letting, and consulted me about his eyes, which were very bad. He had slept on the sea-shore after some very hot riding, and had a bad attack of ophthalmia. I told him to send me a slave with a large empty bottle, which I would fill with a lotion of sulphate of zinc, and explained to him how he was to apply it. I have seldom met with a more genial man. He was flowing over with fun.

As we entered Wazan we met a Moorish funeral. The body was tied up in a clean linen cloth, and was borne by men, but there were

no mourners nor any sign of what we should call mourning. There is no funeral ceremony whatever, and Moorish burial-places have a sadly neglected look. I noticed, however, that upon some graves flowers had been planted; and I do not doubt that there is much true sorrow, which a stranger is not permitted to witness.

In the Soko, story-telling was going on vigorously; the circle of Moors was an unusually large one, and sat for hours listening to the story-teller, who seemed to have unusual powers of fascination. I asked Mohammed what it was all about, and he said that he was telling them "one of the Arabian tales."

The Cherif had intended to go with me to dine in the Sultan's garden, where we were to practise shooting at a mark, but he was too much occupied with preparations consequent upon his brother's departure for Fez. I dined as usual, rabbits forming an important ingredient in the feast; and I had also an extraordinary dish—a marvel of milk, whole eggs, and pastry. After dinner we had the usual chat and tea-drinking,

but it was much varied this time by a great writing of names and addresses. First, the Cherif wrote his full name, Abd Rabni Mohammed Ben Abd-es-Salam-el-Wazan, and dried it with gold-dust from Timbuctoo, adding the words, "luth Allah behi." Then the secretary wrote his name, Ali Benhash Hamed Sarār Sahab Barakă Sidi Hadj aid Salam. The Cherif's signature is in a beautiful strong hand. Then I had to write my name and address in a book which belonged to the Cherif, and he copied it in Arabic, which proved a long and difficult task. This led us to talk about different languages, and he told me that there are many tongues spoken in Morocco. The people of one district are quite unintelligible to those of another. The Riffians, the Sus people, the Tafilet people, and several others whom he named, bring interpreters with them when they come on a pilgrimage to him. He has himself travelled in Algeria and in the Soudan, and offered that I should join him when he made another long journey to the south. He spoke with much delight of shooting gazelles and the other game

of the southern lands. After a long talk I brought him some little things which I proposed to leave with him, such as several boxes of coloured fires, several yards of magnesium ribbon, tins of sardines, pots of jam, boxes of seidlitz powders and rhubarb pills, vesuvians, &c., and a revolver, bullet mould, caps, &c., for his secretary. We had an affectionate leave-taking, and I was packing up and about to go to bed when he re-appeared with his secretary, who carried a fine pair of long riding-boots of rich orange-red Tafilet leather, embroidered and stitched with silver, and known as Prince's riding-boots with which he presented me. He also told me that he would send an escort of soldiers with me, but as I thought it unnecessary, he reduced it to one horse-soldier and one foot-soldier. He also gave me a letter for his father at Tangier, and made me promise that I would return and see him another year, and said that he fully intended to visit me in England.

I felt much at parting with a man who had shown me so much genuine kindness; who had

helped me in every way; and had made me feel thoroughly and happily at home in so out-of-the-way a place. From first to last I had experienced from him the truest and most thoughtful kindness.

CHAPTER XIV.

ACROSS COUNTRY.

We left Wazan at half-past six o'clock on the morning of the 19th October. Early as it was, the Cherif and his whole court were up to say good-bye to us, and we had a cordial and almost an affecting leave-taking. He held both of my hands in his whilst he told me how much he had enjoyed my visit to him, and whilst I vainly endeavoured to express to him my deep sense of his much kindness. Several of his people accompanied us on foot for more than a mile out of the town. It was quite touching to me when they at length left me with many good wishes that I might reach my home in safety, and find my family in health, kissing my hands and knees.

Our road was for several hours that which we had followed, or should have followed, when

we came from Al Kasar. As we passed along I noticed, about an hour and a half from Wazan, many salt-springs, which well out over quite a large district where all is desert. We met several bands of pilgrims with banners and bands of music wending their way under the burning sun to do homage to him who is to them the representative of God on earth. We also went through a village of some sixty houses which were all in ruins. It was destroyed by Sidi Ali ben Hamed, a great Cherif of Wazan, and one of the forefathers of the present house of Wazan, because it was a nest of thieves and murderers. It lies on the direct route from Al Kasar, and must have made all passage to and fro exceedingly dangerous.

The day was intensely hot. When we got a breeze it was like the blast from a fiery furnace. We got to a delightful resting-place at mid-day amongst some fine olive-trees which afforded grateful shade; and we had a good well quite near to us. But the afternoon's ride was really hard work. When we came quite

near to Mount Sar-Sar we crossed the river Wad El Kous (Lukkous) and bore away first east and then due north, leaving Al Kasar much to the west. After several hours' riding we at length saw a well in the distance, and men and beasts alike rushed forward to the welcome spot, but, when we reached it, it was full of stinking tortoises, and, although my men drank the water freely, I found it quite impossible to get the nasty liquid down.

The place we were to halt at is a kind of farm belonging to the Cherif, and we reached the little cluster of houses about five in the afternoon. We were all much exhausted with the heat and fatigue of the day. I especially admired the old horse-soldier the Cherif had sent with us. He was quite black and very old. They said that he had been in the service of the Cherif's grandfather when he was a boy, and that he was now a hundred and twenty years old. I do not vouch for the truth of the saying, but he certainly was the oldest looking man, leading an active life, I ever saw. He led us the whole day, and was as fresh as any

of us when we got in. He was suffering sadly from ophthalmia, but I doctored him to some purpose, and gave him a large bottle of lotion when we separated on the following morning.

The head man of the place, which is called Lasibe Sidi Abdullah, brought down a number of tables, but I could not partake of them, nor even chat with him. This I much regretted for he was most hospitably inclined, and watched with his men by our tents all night.

I was far from well: the constant drinking of green tea had told on my nerves, and the ague had come back strongly upon me, and I had only strength left to search carefully for scorpions, and then make ready for bed without food. I was particular in my search for scorpions because we had killed such a great number of them during the day. They were not large, but made up in vicious appearance what they lacked in size.

The day had been unusually hot: Mohammed said that it was like one of their hottest days in summer, and he and all of the men were much affected by the heat. Even Hadji left off

joking. Before I turned in I dosed every man of them, and then took a solitary stroll in the beautiful night. Once out of the sound of the tents the surrounding silence was intense. The young moon shone brilliantly, and the heavens were a perfectly glorious sight. It was as though you saw for the first time that these stars and planets were not sparkles of light upon a concave board, but far-off worlds moving in illimitable space. The solemnity of such moments is intense, and you feel the truth and beauty of the nature-life which, in the busy whirl of everyday work and worry, you are so apt to pass by unheeding.

But the heat had been too fierce to allow of rest, although the night was pleasantly cool. I broke out into a strange eruption, and became delirious at times, fancying that my wife and children were about me. Poor Mohammed, hearing me, came into my tent, and sat by me in much anxiety. We both thought for a time that I had been attacked by small-pox, and Mohammed said that, in the morning, he would rig me up a litter, and carry me straight

to Tangier. However, towards the morning sleep came, and on waking I determined to push on again.

We started at six o'clock on the 20th, and, after an hour, struck into the main track from Tangier to Fez, a little to the north of Al Kasar. After the quiet by-paths we had been amongst, this track seemed quite crowded; the long caravans of heavily-laden camels, the busy workers in the fields; the parties of Moors flitting from Tangier to the capital; gave a life to the scene which was very enjoyable. My men kept meeting with acquaintances, all of whom were brought to be introduced to the Englishman who had been to Wazan. We followed the main track for more than a couple of hours, and when we reached a river called Wad el Mgasem (the W. el Mahsan of Dr. Rohlf's map published by Petermann in 1865), we turned due east and crossed the hills which are somewhat steep and stony. From them the view was very fine. To the south it was bounded by mount Sar-Sar: to the west the Atlantic stretched far away, with its long line of white breakers plainly visible; to the

north the great plain was bounded by low hills, and to the east lay the land we were about to traverse, a vast and beautiful valley, unknown to any of us, and bounded by dark and forbidding mountains.

In this valley much fighting had been going forward for a long time, and in the afternoon we passed close by the Government camp. Practically the war was over for the time, and the hill peoples had been crushed at all events into temporary obedience. There was remarkably little life left in the country. We passed few villages, and they were small Douars (tent villages). And yet the whole place was not only cultivable, but had evidently been regularly cultivated. We rode for hours across the valley until we reached the fine wild hills upon the further side, when we again turned to the north and crossed some low out-lying hills into yet another great and fair valley. Here we had an amusing scene. We had ridden along very quietly all day, occasionally killing a few scorpions, twice startling vultures busily engaged in tearing up some carcase which

we were not curious to identify; Hadji Mohammed recited whole chapters of the Koran, and instructed Souci and the cook in it; and the soldier asked us all to keep together as we were in a country of robbers. Somehow or another the cook and Souci managed to slip behind, and we had got into a curious cleft of the hills when I asked for them. A halt was called, but they did not come. Mohammed got anxious and angry, then Hadji followed suit, and at last the quiet, imperturbable soldier showed signs of alarm. "They are robbed and murdered; ah, my new kouscusoo!" said Mohammed.[1] I suggested we should climb the hills in different directions and shout for them, or turn back and seek them; but Mohammed declared that to shout would be to bring the robbers and murderers direct to us. However, I rode off to the top of the nearest hill, and sent the soldier back along our track, and when I got up I fired my gun off two or three times.

[1] He and I had purchased some of the woollen material of that name manufactured at Wazan, and it was on the cook's mule.

At length we saw them coming quietly down the right path. The scene which ensued when they came up beggars all description. Mohammed, livid with rage, rushed upon them with my walking-stick in one hand and an umbrella in the other; but his fury was so great that they easily dodged him, and he was unable to articulate. Hadji Mohammed tore off his fez, jelabiah, and waistcoat in his passion, and threw them on the ground, and danced wildly upon them. The soldier, stuttering and stammering out imprecations, drew out his sword as if to put the culprits to the death which, a few minutes before, he had dreaded profaner hands had inflicted upon them. I could neither speak nor move for laughing; the whole thing was altogether too absurd. The poor fellows at length flew to me for protection, but the tears of mirth were pouring down my cheeks, and I also was powerless. At last they managed to explain to me that they had been delayed by a broken girth, and this was evidently the truth. So I insisted upon peace being restored, but, in order to appease the unjustly furious trio, I

ordered Souci and the cook to walk for the rest of the day, and to keep in the front of the party. In a quarter of an hour we were all happy again, Souci singing away at the top of his voice, and Hadji indulging in fond reminiscences of the honey of Ezaggen.

We rode on through a land which, with little trouble, might be made a rich garden, and by and by crossed a broad river which Mohammed called Wad Hayasha. Its banks were shaded by carob trees, and high oleanders in bright flower, which were quite crowded with doves; but we did not stay to shoot them, for the day was far advanced, and there was no sign of a resting place. At last we climbed up a steep hill and reached a large, strange, wild-looking Douar inhabited by Mountain Arabs. The tents were formed of straw and conical in shape, and looked like great beehives. The head man received us kindly, and gave us a good camping place, and we were speedily surrounded by the men of the village and by swarms of children. Whilst our tents were being pitched I delighted

the men by letting them look through my opera glass. The head man got so excited with it that he very soon kept it quite to himself, and would let no one else touch it, but he returned it to me so soon as night fell. Then I made him look through it at the moon, and his delight knew no bounds. He made all the men and many of the women look at it too, and they were duly impressed. I never was amongst such a wild, lawless-looking lot of people before. They brought to me a Spanish renegade, who had fled to them from Ceuta forty years before. He had married amongst them, and had grown-up children. He was very old and infirm, and only remembered a few words of Spanish, but I was amused to find how, when speaking with me, he talked of the people who had so closely and truly befriended him, as savages who had no religion worth speaking of. He had probably been a murderer in his young religious days. The place we camped at was called Lasibe de 'Biniaros.

The day had been fine, but cooler, and we

were not unduly fatigued with our eleven hours' riding. From our camp we had a grand view over the plain country we had last traversed, and to the noble mountains we were to pass through on the morrow.

CHAPTER XV.

TOWARDS TETUAN.

When I turned out in the early morning of the 21st October I found the village we were in was a strangely picturesque place. It was at the very top of an exceedingly steep hill, and the view from it was one of striking beauty, for the light mists were so blended with the mountains that it was not possible to tell the sky from the land. The Berbers were all astir, some of them carrying water, some of them moving their great tents, whilst the children watched my men striking ours. I began to distribute chocolate and water-biscuits amongst them, and, when the men saw this, they asked for some for their wives. I thought it a good chance for a bit of fun, and said if their wives wanted them they must come for them, and either seventeen or eighteen women came crowding round me. Then I told them

that they must unveil before they got the biscuits. There was much laughter amongst the men at this, but curiosity prevailed, and away went their veils, and I had an excellent opportunity of studying the charms of Moorish women. I was surprised to find several of them the merest children. Two of the head man's wives could not have been more than twelve or fourteen years old. At twenty-five they already look aged, and few women of the poorer class retain their good looks into advanced life, although I did not find even the older women so repulsive in appearance as they have frequently been described. The young ones who were beautiful were of a type which was quite new to me. They have a languid, dreamy air, are beautifully formed, and often tall, with pretty hands and feet, great wealth of hair, and wonderful eyes. The eyes are their strongest point, big, liquid, sleepy eyes, which can, on occasion, be full of passionate fire. I never knew the immense wealth of expression which there lies in the eye, the volumes which a single glance can speak, until I travelled in these out-of-the-way

parts of Morocco. The eye-brows, and the finger and toe-nails, are generally stained, and many women are tattooed on the chin. One of my friends of Lasibe became extremely friendly. She was a wild, gipsy-looking girl with a bright bonny face, and a head covered with short black corkscrew curls. She evidently was the wit of the whole party, for she gave the men their chaff back with interest, and kept the company in roars of laughter. When we left we had to walk down the steep hill to a well at the foot. The Spanish renegade accompanied me, and told me that he was grieved to part, for mine was the first fair face he had seen for forty years. He was an evil-looking fellow, but was particularly kind and helpful to me. The chief of the village rode with us for the first hour, as he was going to the market of Wald Agras, which is held on Tuesdays in a picturesque spot at the foot of the southern portion of the range of Jebel Habib. We did not go quite to the market; but it was a fine sight from our track, and it was both amusing and interesting to meet the streams of country people pouring down to it. Of all the market

experiences I had this was the most picturesque, the people were so entirely unsophisticated.

We crossed the little stream of Wad el Jarob, and entered upon a grand mountain pass, and a stiff and difficult bit of climbing we had before we got through the mountains, but every inch of the way was full of beauty and interest: the mountain forms were fine, and the mountains near at hand were steep and rugged, whilst those rather further to the south were richly wooded. It was indeed a noble pass, not unworthy of being compared in character to some of the exquisite middle passes in the Italian valleys to the south of Monte Rosa. When we had pierced the hills we came into a lovely valley, green and fair, with much underwood, a broad river (the Hanak d'Rosi, according to Mohammed) flowing through it, and fine mountains rising to the south and east—the Beni Hassan range. We were in a district which had never before been traversed by a European, and which only one week earlier had been the scene of bitter warfare. Mohammed declared that he would not have traversed it the year before with an escort of twelve soldiers, but

it was now so quiet and peaceful that it was hard to believe that it could have ever been as black as it was painted. About mid-day we came to a large wood of glorious olive-trees, the largest I ever saw. If there was no single tree finer than that I mentioned at p. 98, yet here there were scores which might have held their own with it, and the grass beneath them was so green and velvety that the whole place had the effect of a fairy park. At this point we joined a track which Mohammed had traversed before, and which leads from the Tangier and Fez track near El Uted, to Tetuan. The olive wood Mohammed called Wad Arisha. It took us nearly two hours to ride from it to the great Fondak, on the main track between Tangier and Tetuan.

We reached the spring of delicious iron water close to the Fondak soon after three o'clock, and were once again amongst the multitude. This way is greatly traversed, and many a question was put to us, and much surprise was expressed when the questioners learned that we had been at Wazan, and how

we had come from it. But it was too early to stay at the Fondak, although we could no longer hope to reach Tetuan before the gates had closed, and so we pushed forward past the great square, white-washed building, the most important inn in all Morocco. All around it, and for some miles beyond, stretches a great forest of carob, lentisk, and olive trees, bearing sad traces of the wanton way in which the wood has been taken for use. In many places the burnt and blackened stems are so weird and unnatural as to recall some of Gustave Dore's most *outré* illustrations. When we reached the top of the highest ridge which we were to cross, we looked down into a long, straight, well-wooded valley, with fine far-off mountains nearly closing it in, but right across the end stretched the white walls of Tetuan, and beyond them lay the blue sea. It was truly a glorious sight. The descent to the valley was steep and rough, and steep and rough was our climb about half-past five up to the little village of Ajidia, where we were to spend the night. We got a fairish camping-place, although, as

it had been the sleeping-quarters of innumerable goats for many weeks, it had "a very ancient and fish-like smell."

The people were bringing in the cattle for the night, and men, women, and children were hard at work. The treatment of the children in Morocco pleased me much upon the whole, and from what I saw, as well as from all that I heard on the matter from Jews, Moors, and Europeans, I am inclined to believe that there is quite as much kindness shown to them there as in other countries. I saw this night the only exception to the rule I met with during my rambles. A woman sent a small child to bring up some goats, and, as it did not go down the hill fast enough for her, she threw a big stone at it and hit it a sad blow. Poor little soul, it went fast enough after that! The children never gave us any trouble, but, on the contrary, were very helpful. One wee mite this very evening held four of our mules whilst the tents were being pitched. I was thankful that my store of sweetmeats and biscuits was sufficiently large to reward it and many

others who assisted us in different ways, and to aid the poor little stoned creature to forget the pain of the blow.

There is nothing more melancholy than the way in which, even in our own land, strong men and women will abuse their strength in the ill-treatment of little children. No doubt instances like that I have mentioned are to be met with in Morocco, and travellers who have been longer in the land may have seen more of them. In Amicis' interesting book, which has just made its appearance, there is a thrilling description of a boy, at Al Kasar, who was heavily manacled because he would not attend school. I do not attempt to palliate such treatment, but I have had to deal, within the last six years, with the case of a boy in Newcastle, who was kept by his father, a joiner, chained like a dog to his bench, for a similar reason. The man was driven desperate by constant truancy. Do not let us be unjust in these matters. No doubt the Moors are no better than we are in these things, but let us apply to them no higher standard than we apply to ourselves. This question is

forced home daily upon those who have much to do with the waifs and strays of our large towns, and there are few spheres in which educated men and women can be of greater service than in that of aiding to bring about a gentler and wiser method of dealing with little children than that which is habitually adopted even in our own land.

Whilst descending the valley, Hadji Mchammed covered himself with glory by a flying shot from his mule at a covey of partridges, two of which he succeeded in bagging. It was certainly the best bit of shooting I saw in Morocco.

CHAPTER XVI.

TETUAN.

We determined to leave Hadji, Souci, and the cook, to bring our baggage on to Tetuan leisurely, and Mohammed, the soldier, and I started from Ajidia at seven in the morning for a quick ride. It was a charming one too. Excepting our day amongst the mountains we saw no scenery so fine as that between the Fondak and Tetuan. Before reaching the town you cross a great plain bounded by noble mountains, and with a really fine river running through it. Many villages are clustered upon the steep hill sides; there is an abundance of wood, and a general appearance of fertility; and the white walls nestling amongst the greenery have a very pleasing effect. People, too, were pouring in great numbers to the market at Tetuan, so that the scene was a bright and lively one.

We reached the town about nine o'clock. As you pass through the first gate and traverse a long dirty lane, you are greeted by innumerable beggars trading upon frightful sores and diseases of many kinds; and the place, so beautiful at a distance, soon loses much of its enchantment. It is, however, much more spacious than most Moorish towns, possessing a wide open market-place almost in its very centre, and it is a busy town where many manufactures are briskly carried on. We left our mules at a farrier's, as their shoes required attention, and spent some time in the market, which was a peculiarly lively one. But there was something lacking about it—it had a sort of semi-European effect; and the ugly costume which for so many days we had been free from, again met our eyes constantly. We went to visit Hadj Abraham Breesha, a wealthy Moorish merchant, to whom I had a letter of introduction, and found him busily superintending the completion of a splendid house which he had just built, and which he took us over. It is certainly a palace of Moorish art—floors, walls, ceilings, all alike admirable. The tiles, the

rich Arabesque work in wood and marble, the heavy Moorish carpets, the exquisite fountains, were sumptuous in the extreme, and yet not fatiguing. I have never seen so much luxury combined with such excellent taste. We afterwards called upon the Bashaw, who received us with much kindness, and was greatly interested to hear about our stay at Wazan. He kept us a long time in pleasant chat, and gave orders that I was to see whatever I wished in Tetuan. Then we went into the bazaars, and made a few purchases, and I saw things disposed of by auction. A man holds up a waistcoat and asks for a bid. You give him one, and he walks off through the street, calling out the price offered, and any one who is so inclined bids higher, and, when the seller or auctioneer has reached his selling-point, he hands over the article and gets the money. You sometimes lose sight of him altogether for a long time, and, when you have forgotten all about him, he suddenly turns up, and hands you over the article at your original bid. I purchased in this way some richly worked waistcoats for ladies, and some of the long

common towels of the country very prettily worked, but the fine old embroidery for which Morocco was once so famous has become very scarce, and brings a great price. When tired of the bazaars, which were very crowded and stiflingly hot, we went to the Mälha or Jews' quarter, which is shut off by gates from the rest of the town, and here I visited the inn kept by the English consular agent, Solomon Nahon, where I breakfasted very comfortably. This inn has been in good repute for many years, and it looked a clean pleasant place, but it is in the heart of the town, and I had learned to prefer the Moors to the Jews, even when the latter wear European costume and speak English. I had determined, therefore, to stick to my tent. From his visitors' book I gathered that Nahon's house is in great favour, and it would be a good place as head-quarters for any one who wished to stay some weeks and explore the neighbourhood. Tetuan is certainly charmingly placed. The hills about it are of remarkably fine outline, and rise to the height of upwards of three

thousand feet, and it would take a long time to exhaust their charms. It is one of those spots where you get the delight of mountains close at hand without the unpleasant feeling of being hemmed in, for you have the great valley to the west, and a vast plain leading to the sea on the north-east, and there is also the additional and unusual advantage of a running river.

It is an ancient place. Edrisi mentions it as a fort situated in the midst of a plain, five miles from the Mediterranean Sea, and inhabited by a Berber tribe called Medjekeça. Leo tells how it was built by the ancient Africans, taken by the Mohammedans from the Goths, laid desolate for four score and fifteen years by the Portuguese, and afterwards "re-edified and re-planted anew with inhabitants" by a valiant captain of Granada, who "environed it with new walls, and built an impregnable castle therein compassed with a deep ditch. Afterward making continuall warre against the Portugals, he extremely molested and endamaged their townes of Septa, Casar, and

Tangia: for with three hundred valiant horsemen of Granada he made daily incursions and inroades upon the Christians, and those that he tooke he put to continuall labour and toil about the building of his forts. Upon a time, I myselfe, travelling this way, saw three thousand Christian captives, who, being clad in coarse sacke-cloth, were constrained in the night to lye fettered in deepe dungeons."

The "impregnable castle" had sunk into insignificance even in Marmol's time. He speaks of it as only inclosed by poor earthen walls, and says that the town is strong neither by art nor by nature, having only very low earthen walls, and the greater part of the fosse being filled up. But since his days the walls have evidently been rebuilt, for they are now high stone walls, not good for much against modern artillery it is true, but by no means despicable. The town suffered greatly in the war with Spain in 1859-60, when the Spanish army under General O'Donnell took it by storm; and the ruined houses still standing show how severe was the engagement.

Small love is lost between the Moors and the Spaniards, and it is not to be wondered at. After their expulsion from Spain many of the principal Moorish families took refuge in Tetuan, and they still preserve the keys of their old homes in beautiful Granada, so far more prosperous and enlightened under Mohammedan than under Christian rule. In the late war Spain, after she had possessed herself of Tetuan, demanded intolerable conditions and she moved forward to enforce them; but was not sorry to withdraw them and to make peace after a desperate battle in the valley between Tetuan and the Fondak, in which, indeed, she carried the day, but at heavy cost. The Sultan undertook to pay a war indemnity of four million pounds sterling, which he borrowed in London, and which is being faithfully repaid. Spain abandoned Tetuan, but, alone of European countries, has a consul there. The Moorish people believe firmly that they were sold in the matter, and that, had the war gone on, no Spaniard would have returned home. I believe that the opinion of competent military

critics of other nations scarcely corroborates this view.

But Tetuan has still the character of being one of the richest towns in Morocco; and both the Moors and the Jews who inhabit it are held to be more refined than those of other parts. It certainly is second to none in beauty of situation, and its prolific gardens and orange-groves (said to produce the finest oranges in the world) give its neighbourhood an effect of bright luxuriance which is quite fascinating.

We rode through some of these gardens when we went down to our camp in the afternoon. The men had pitched it about a mile out of the town, on the way to the sea, and near a capital spring of water. The great plain is quite a gay sight towards evening, when the rich inhabitants and Europeans canter across it upon their gallant little horses. I had been sitting under a great fig-tree, watching little Solomon Nahon's skilful but ugly guidance of a young barb he was breaking, when suddenly I heard, "Mr. Watson! who would have expected to find you here, and alone, too?" and started up in great amazement to find

a gentleman in European dress alighting from a pretty light grey barb. He explained to me that he was the Spanish consul, and had lived much in the United States. He had heard of my arrival, but thought that I was an Arab and not an Englishman until he met Mohammed, who had given him my name. We had a long and pleasant chat about the place and the people. He was tired of the one, and thought the others barbarians, but he had succeeded in impressing them with the need of treating Europeans properly. It was certainly about as great a change as a man could make, that from the bustle and activity of the Quaker city to this lovely spot, where life goes on so slowly and quietly; but, after he had explained the disadvantages of Morocco with much skill and force, I could not help thinking that, if I had to choose between them, I should prefer to live in Tetuan after all.

CHAPTER XVII.

RETURN TO TANGIER.

It blew a great gale on the night of the 22nd, and the tents rocked so much that we had to weight them down, but with that help they weathered the breeze admirably. The halt of two days gave our mules a chance of recovering themselves a little, for, to tell the truth, those which carried the baggage were but a sorry lot to look at, although they did their work wonderfully well. The Arab, although the Koran teaches that the brute creation has also a resurrection, has not learned that "the merciful man is merciful to his beast." I have seen, both in Southern Italy and in Spain, more systematic refined barbarity of treatment than I ever saw in Morocco, but, at the same time, there is amongst the lower class Moors an absolute callousness to the suffering of dumb

animals which cannot be too strongly condemned. The heavy bit and the spurs habitually used are in themselves sufficiently cruel, but the heavy stick and the goad are also constantly at work, and it is simply wasting breath to expostulate. I strove the whole time I was out to get a gentler mode of treatment adopted, but it was quite in vain.

The loads which the mules carry are placed in baskets or panniers made of the palmeto, and hung over a pad. I scarcely saw a baggage mule which had not a galled back, and I attribute this much to the plan of taking off the load, pad and all, as soon as the day's work is accomplished. With the mule I rode myself I noticed an incipient warble on the third day. I gave it rest, and had the saddle padded so as to relieve the pressure, and insisted on the saddle remaining *in situ* for at least an hour after work was over before it was removed. The warble vanished without leaving a trace. I know that there is much difference of opinion upon this point, but I have had some experience in long horseback journeys, and have never known the

simple plan I mention to fail, whilst I have repeatedly known a nasty sore back to follow the immediate removal of the saddle.

The 23rd October was again a brilliant day, but quite too hot to be pleasant. We went up to the town in the early morning, and I spent a long time in some of the workshops where the long matchlocks were being manufactured, and where the beautiful Moorish brass trays were being worked. The workmen seemed much pleased to have a spectator, and always brought me a cushion, and showed me each tool as they used it, and took every pains to make their work interesting and intelligible to me. I was amused both in these, and in joiners' and tailors' workshops I afterwards visited, to see the great use which is made of the toes—not only for holding things—but even for picking them up. It was strange also to see both the saw and the plane drawn towards the workman instead of from him.

Amongst other places this morning we visited the fine old Government House, which was turned into barracks and stables by the Spanish

whilst they held the town, and suffered greatly at their hands. It has not been repaired, and the only government work going forward in it was the making of clothes for soldiers in an easy-going sort of way. But it is a noble old place, with much fine arabesque work, and shady inner courts with mossy fountains into which clear and cool water is ever flowing, and upon which the lovely maiden-hair fern grows freely. At a very small cost the greater part of the injured work could be replaced, and the town palace would then be once again one of the most remarkable public buildings in all Morocco.

After spending some time in the bazaars (which never lose their attraction), I went to the European club, two little rooms up three pair of stairs in the great square, where coffee and old Spanish newspapers are to be had, and watched the life of the place with a pleasure which use and wont never lessened, a life so real, so simple, and so picturesque, and yet so altogether different from that which we call "life" in these Northern climes. And the scene was so

different too. The great mosque almost filling one side of the square, the workshops open to the day; the windowless, flat-roofed, one-storied houses; the great mountains beyond, and the glorious blue sky above all,—a sky of which even our finest days tell us nothing.

But I had been ill all night, and the heat of the day increased my ailment. Towards one o'clock I managed to ride down to the camp, being held upon my mule, for I was too weak to sit, and I had to adopt heroic remedies before I became unable to move, and, at times, unconscious. I should have been sorely put to it if it had not been for the tender kindness of my poor Souci, who was as gentle, as patient, and as skilful as a nurse could be. My men were much distressed, but towards evening I rallied a little, and Hadji Mohammed suddenly suggested a night ride to the Fondak. I eagerly caught at the idea. A messenger was despatched with apologies to the Spanish consul and some wealthy young Moors who had invited me to visit them; the

tents were rapidly struck, the mules loaded, I managed to take a cup of tea and a couple of water biscuits (my first food for thirty hours), and we were off and away. We skirted the walls of the town, as there was scarcely time to pass through it before the gates would shut. When we reached the western gate, and turned to bid farewell to Tetuan, it looked so lovely in the tender evening light that it still dwells with me as one of the fairest cities I have seen. Standing on the solid rock with a fine river flowing at the foot of its cliffs, engirdled with luxuriant gardens, mountains of noble form (recalling those of the Austrian Tyrol) rising on the south, the blue sea just visible across the eastern plain, countless domes and minarets rising in the clear atmosphere, all walled round, and the high stone walls with their frequent towers practically perfect, the great castle lying above as if keeping watch over all, and the whole city white, and clean, and pure, at all events on the outside, and the scene made magical by the light of the just rising moon, it was indeed worthy to take its place, for external

beauty, with Edinburgh, Florence, Salzburg, Granada, or Bergen.

Just as we were leaving the walls, a large party from the Fondak came up, and spoke to Mohammed in an excited way. He turned to me, and said that we must at once go back to the town, and stay all night at Nahon's Inn, and not start until daybreak. The Moors said that we were expected, and that fourteen thieves were lying in wait for us. I pointed out to him that it was not possible that we could be expected, as we had resolved to travel by night quite suddenly; but he replied that a message had been sent as soon as we broke up the camp, and that the travellers had actually seen the men who were watching for us. He would not go forward for a thousand pounds. But I quite refused to alter my plans, and told him that six honest men would be more than a match for fourteen thieves. As good luck would have it, Souci and the cook had taken the wrong road, and were already missing; and in the meantime the gates were shut, and our course was decided. I was somewhat vexed at what I then thought was Mohammed's cowardice (and he is

certainly easily frightened), but it is only fair to him to remember that his success and very livelihood as a dragoman depend upon his conducting his employers safely, and he no doubt really thought that there was danger in store for us.

When we at length found our missing links, we rode along in Indian file, and very quietly, the soldier first and I last; and we had a lovely moonlight ride up the fine valley to the Fondak. I need not say that no thieves made their appearance; but if they had come upon us when we were stumbling and fumbling up the rocky path through the thick wood at the head of the valley, we should have had a short shrift. The most amusing thing of all was that, when we did reach the Fondak at last, it was nearly midnight, and its custodians, taking us for a band of robbers, refused to open the gates. We had twenty minutes' parley before we gained admittance, but when we did get in, the scene was truly amazing. The great place was literally full: the large open square was crowded with horses, mules, donkeys, sheep, oxen, and camels; the thirty-one surrounding arches and chambers were filled with

men and women; and there were groups round camp-fires in the open just outside of the arches. We tried to get on to the roof, but the key was "at Tetuan" for some quite incomprehensible reason. So my men lighted a fire in a chance corner, and cowered round it, whilst I had a bit of matting laid on the paving-stones amongst the cattle, and, rolling myself up in a plaid, was soon fast asleep. Once during the night I was gently touched, and awakened to find a big camel carefully stepping over me, but the beasts were much better companions than the beasties. The night was sufficiently cool to keep *them* away, and the starlight was wonderfully beautiful. When it can safely be done, the open is pleasanter even than a tent, and, with that exception, I slept soundly until five o'clock.

Then the whole place was in motion. Every one was up and doing, and it was pleasant to see, in many instances, how carefully the men were placing the women on their mules, and wrapping them up from the sharp air of the early morning, —sharp indeed, for we were at a considerable height above the sea-level. Before we had made our first meal, and got fairly under way, the

place was nearly empty. We had a pleasant ride across a great plain country, and, until we came nearly to the hills which run at a short distance from the Mediterranean Sea until they reach the Atlantic at Cape Spartel, we had but little of interest to remark. The dwellings were few and widely scattered, and there was scarcely any animal life. We stayed some time to examine the remains of what seemed to me to have once been a Roman town. Mohammed called it Emdrisa Sayufa. I could find nothing but small pieces of walls and heaps of stones; no pottery, coins, or sculptured stone of any kind. About two miles further on Hadji Mohammed and I left the party, and climbed the high hill on the south up to a large village called Zinats, where we were joined by one of the inhabitants. He led us to the very end of the hill, and there we found that what had seemed from below steep cliffs were in fact the extensive remains of what must once have been a very important fortress. The walls are remarkably perfect, and are battlemented, and you can still walk round a considerable part of them. The view from them over the plain to the Fondak,

and of the hills to the south, is very fine. It is strange that I have not been able to find in any book, ancient or modern, any allusion to this fort or to the ruined town of Emdrisa Sayufa. The fort Mohammed also called Sayufa. The village itself is concealed from that part of the main route which I travelled. There are many pretty spots about it, "rock, and tree, and flowing water" making charming pictures. The hillside seemed to abound in excellent springs. As we climbed up to the village, we disturbed a fine eagle which soared close past us.

In returning we kept along the hillside until we got a very pretty view of Tangier and the sea in the distance, and then we made a slow descent, beating for partridges with perseverance which should have been rewarded, but was not. We never saw a bird. The rest of our ride was uneventful. We pushed rapidly forward, and reached the seashore near Tangier about two o'clock. As we crossed the bridge leading to the sands, a peasant, who was making his way home from the town, came up and kissed me on the knee. There was something peculiarly strange in this act now.

It had been common enough but a week before, but Wazan was already far away, and my happy ramble through the wilds of Morocco was near its close.

I had been but a short time away, yet Tangier and its surroundings looked curiously European to me now. When I descended at the familiar Villa de France, old Brusaud was in the garden. He came up to me and bowed low, saying, "Waali-ku Salaam," to which I gravely replied, "Salaam Waali-ku," adding, "Do you really not know me again?" It was funny, indeed, to see the spring he made, and to hear the peals of laughter into which he burst. "No, indeed," he said; "you are almost black, and quite an Arab. Your own mother would not have known you."

CHAPTER XVIII.

TANGIER AGAIN.

I HAVE but little more to say about my short but happy visit to Morocco. When I awakened in the morning of the 25th October, the rain was coming down in torrents. It was as though the heavens were opened. I was thankful indeed that it had not come a day earlier, for, although in an hour the sun was again shining brightly, such rain would have soaked through everything in five minutes.

I had a pleasant settling with Mohammed, and the men came up to see me, and say good-bye. I gave each of them a little present of some useful article, but gave money to none, not even to Mohammed, beyond the sum agreed upon. They were all pleased, but Hadji's delight over a two-barrelled pistol, a bullet-mould, and a box of caps, was ludicrous in the extreme. He

fairly doubled himself up, and shouted with joy; ran over the house to show every one his treasure, and shook and kissed my hand until I fairly ran away from him. I watched him going down to the town, brandishing his weapon, and making every passer-by rejoice with him. They are very like children, these Moors of the poorer class; and I for one do not think that they are altogether to be despised for it. We have more elaborate enjoyments, and pay more dearly for our pleasures. It would be well for us if we found them so pleasurable.

In the afternoon I rode over to the mountain to pay my respects to the Great Cherif and Madame de Wazan. Both Mohammed and Hadji turned up to accompany me. They were wonderfully got up, and Hadji had his pistol slung gallantly around him. The ride seemed to me more lovely than ever, and when we reached the house, we found the Cherif and Cherifa seated on chairs under the shadow of a great rock, their fine boys playing merrily about, and a number of Arabs grouped round upon rugs. They received me with much cordiality,

the Cherifa addressing me as "Brother." I asked her if that had become my title as of right since I had visited the sacred city. She said that she had never been there, but she had ascertained a day or two previously that the Cherif, partly in fun and partly to ensure me a cordial reception, had told his son in my letter of introduction that I was her brother! He asked what we were talking about, and, on its being interpreted to him, he laughed heartily over it, and seemed to consider it a capital joke. I need not say that it was a fortunate one for me.

I had to describe my visit minutely, and the Cherif was much pleased that it had been so unqualified a success. He told me the history of his family, and much of his own history also, giving an interesting account of his pilgrimage to Mecca, where he was received with peculiar distinction. He was amused with my medical experiences. The Cherifa has instituted vaccination, and every Thursday her dining-room is filled with children of all ages to undergo the operation, which she performs. Some people come four days' journey in order

to receive that which they believe to be a great blessing, a belief which happily is still prevalent in England. It is difficult to over-estimate the moral value of the brave and kindly introduction of a sanitary reform of this description amongst a people whose medical science, once so advanced, has so long been stationary.

The Cherif's house at Tangier is a sanctuary for the oppressed, and a refuge for the poor and needy. All travellers needing food and lodging find it there. To it also come men requiring advice, or suffering from law-suits, ill-used wives, slaves fearing punishment from their owners, persons afflicted with bodily ailments. They come all the way from Fez and Morocco to receive a few Arabic words written by the Cherifa, which they reverently inclose in a bag, and place on the part of the body affected, often returning afterwards gratefully to testify the benefit which they have received from the charm. It is no doubt highly credulous of them, and we smile complacently at such weak superstition. And yet in the month of February

in this very year 1880, not merely Irish peasants, but educated Irish men and women (who must be respectable, for they drive in carriages), are visiting in crowds the little churchyard and church in the village of Knock, and are being cured, or are hoping to be cured, by drinking water containing a few grains of powdered cement from a wall which is opposite to another wall where the image of the Virgin Mary is supposed to have made its appearance!

The Cherifa told me many tales of the gross irregularities and cruelties occasioned by the uncertain and oppressive system adopted in raising the revenue of the Sultan. Woe to the man in Morocco who is supposed to have amassed a little money. Down comes a demand upon him for such a sum as the tax-gatherer would like to receive from him, and, if it is not forthcoming on the day appointed, the oxen with which he ploughs, the ground from which his livelihood is derived, his furniture, the very house over his head, is ruthlessly sold, and he, his wife, and his family turned adrift in the world, happy indeed if he be not also cast into

prison. This is the curse under which Morocco languishes, the heavy curse of shameful misgovernment. A land, the plains of which should be rich and fertile gardens, the hills of which teem with valuable mineral wealth, a land in which Nature should literally revel, and where men might reap abundantly with little toil, lies comparatively barren and desolate, government existing only to screw money out of its people that their rulers may squander it.

But the true remedy is not in annexation by a foreign power. The revolution which is to regenerate Morocco should not come from without, but from within. The Cherifa spoke as though the people had lost all true life and hope, but we have seen greater marvels than the social regeneration of this fair but unhappy country.

The Cherif asked me several questions about the Russo-Turkish War, the population of Bulgaria, Bosnia, &c., and the nature of the countries. He also gave me an interesting account of the exact position which he holds amongst Mohammedans. He struck me as being a man of much ability, but of little

ambition; but I cannot express too strongly my sense of the great courtesy and kindness which he and the Cherifa alike showed me. I do not doubt that any one visiting Morocco for any purpose but that of missionary enterprise or business speculation, and with proper introductions, would be helped by them in a similar way.

After leaving the Cherif's residence, we rode to that of Sir John Drummond Hay, which is but a short distance off, and rather higher on the Djebel Kebir, but we found that he was staying in Tangier. The situation of Raven's Rock (as his house is called) is remarkably fine. I was very sorry not to see Sir J. D. Hay. The position which he occupies is a peculiar one, and no European has, in recent times, obtained greater influence in Morocco. His word in Tangier and the adjacent country is law, and it would be difficult to over-estimate the value which his services are to England. From the manner in which I heard him always spoken of, I conclude that the warm and cordial feeling towards our country which certainly now exists in those parts of the land which I traversed is to be greatly attributed

to the way in which he has acted as the British Minister at Tangier.

I was so fortunate as to find Mr. H. P. White, the English Consul, at home, and to see his lovely garden. His house stands near to the steep and lofty cliff which falls abruptly to the blue Mediterranean Sea, and which is clad with luxuriant greenery to its very foot. From his terrace you not only have a perfect view of the Straits, the Spanish mountains, and the Rock, but you have also the beautiful bay of Tangier with the distant African hills. The garden is full of interest. Roses and heliotrope in full bloom, bananas laden with ripe fruit, Scotch firs, deodaras, india-rubber plants, olives, and many familiar as well as many unknown trees and shrubs, grow luxuriantly side by side, and give you the impression (which is nearly correct) that you have here a climate and a soil which will grow anything.

Mr. White told me a little incident which had just occurred in his own experience, and which illustrates forcibly one of the drawbacks to life in this much favoured region. It is only fair to give both sides of the question. I am

anxious to avoid the appearance of wishing to make out Morocco an earthly paradise. It might very soon be made exceedingly like one, and that without radical change all round. He said that he had just dismissed the Moor who had for a long time acted as his footman, and who had been an inmate of his house, for the following reason. The man told him that his brother had been killed, and asked for twenty-four hours' leave of absence that he might go and bury the corpse. It was granted him, but he stayed away for three days, and, on his return, boasted that he had tracked down and shot the murderer, and had cut off his head with a knife which he flourished with pride when relating the bloody deed.

Such a man is, of course, not a pleasant person to have about your house, especially when you are frequently absent from it for a long time. The vendetta is a recognised institution in Morocco, as well as in some countries which are nominally Christian. It is, indeed, in strict accord with the Prophet's teaching. He says, "Whosoever shall be slain unjustly, we

have given his heir power to demand satisfaction; but let him not exceed the bounds of moderation in putting to death the murderer in too cruel a manner, or by revenging his friend's blood on any other than the person who killed him." But he also says: "O, true believers, the law of retaliation is ordained you for the slain; the free shall die for the free, and the servant for the servant, and a woman for a woman; but he whom his brother shall forgive may be prosecuted and obliged to make satisfaction according to what is just, and a fine shall be set on him with humanity."

This course is often adopted in Morocco. It lies with the friends of the person who has been "slain unjustly," to say whether they will receive a payment of money, or whether they will demand blood for blood. If they determine upon putting the law of retaliation in force, they do it calmly and deliberately, and it sometimes happens that much time elapses between the murder and the revenge.

I may also mention that the punishment for theft, the cutting off of a hand, which is

sometimes mentioned as specially a piece of Moorish barbarity, is enjoined by the Koran, and is common to all Mohammedan countries. "If a man or a woman steal, cut off their hands,

MOORISH PROFESSIONAL MUSICIANS.

in retribution for that which they have committed; this is an exemplary punishment appointed by God; and God is mighty and wise."

In the evening I had a visit from one of the

famous professional musicians who sing at some of the cafés in the town. Unfortunately he did not bring the lady who usually sings with him, and his own performance on the ghimbri, a little two-stringed guitar, was monotonous and wearisome.

CHAPTER XIX.

AND LAST.

Upon the 26th October I bade adieu to Morocco. The busy Sunday's market in the Soko was as attractive as ever; the street life fresh and amusing; the costumes such as become men; the sky boundless and blue. When Gibraltar was reached, the Arab life had passed away like a dream, and I was "as one that awaketh." And at the Rock, as many a time since, it seemed to me that the dream was better than the awakening.

Everything seemed harsh and cold, conventional and unpicturesque; and a fortnight of lovely days in far-famed Andalusia did not do much to dispel the glamour of Africa.

Up to the very last I experienced nothing but courtesy, kindness, and fair dealing, from the much abused Moors. I found Mohammed

and Souci on the *Hercules* when we were half-way across, and suspected that they were there on their own business and at my expense. But they paid for themselves; they attended to the landing of my much luggage; they helped to convey it to the hotel. At six on the following morning Mohammed was at my bed-side with hot Moorish cakes baked in the house of a brother who had settled at Gib. He waited on me the whole day, getting a great box manufactured to hold my luggage and curiosities. He packed it so carefully that not even one bit of pottery was broken when it reached my home, and he conveyed it to the Peninsular and Oriental Company's wharf. On the 28th he called me, and, with Souci, carried down my things to the boat for Malaga, and they both absolutely and earnestly refused to take the smallest payment for their services, but handed me, as I left the pier, little gifts as parting remembrances, with many wishes that we might meet again.

I only know what actually happened to me. I was but a short time in Morocco, after all,

and I have no wish to throw doubt upon what other men of more extended experience have written, but I must confess that I feel a little warm when I read or hear of the "ingratitude of those Moors."

Let us speak of men as we find them. I have seen something of "all sorts and conditions of men" in many lands. I have found that most men are disposed to treat you better than you are conscious that you deserve; and the inhabitants of Morocco are no exception to the rule.

If a man travels there as he would elsewhere, remembering that he is the stranger, and that the people are at home; treating them as he would treat Europeans under similar circumstances, prepared to rough it at times, and to abandon the privilege and duty of grumbling for a season, I do not doubt that he will find, as I did, the land a goodly land, the people an honest and kindly people, both alike suffering, and wasting away under a miserable government.

APPENDICES.

APPENDIX A.

GENEALOGY OF THE CHERIFS OF WAZAN FROM THE PRESENT CHERIF TO THE DAUGHTER OF THE PROPHET.

THE information contained in the following table I have received from two independent sources, S. A. the Cherifa of Wazan, and Mr. Horace P. White, the British Consul at Tangier, having each supplied me with a complete genealogy. I note the points where there is a discrepancy between the two.

Sidi el Hadj' ebd-es-Salam, the present head of the house of Wazan, is the son of
Mulai el Erbi, the son of
,, Ali, the son of
,, Hamed, the son of
,, Teyib, the son of
,, Mohammed, the son of
,, Abdullah, the son of
,, Ibrahim, the son of
,, Moosa, the son of
,, Hassan, the son of

Mulai	Moosa, the son of	or	Moosa, the son of
,,	Ibrahim, the son of	,,	Omar, the son of
,,	Omar, the son of	,,	Ibrahim, the son of
,,	Ibrahim, the son of	,,	Hamed, the son of
,,	Mohammed, the son of	,,	Abd-ul-Jebar, the son of
,,	Abd-ul-Jebar, the son of	,,	Mohammed, the son of
,,	Mohammed, the son of	,,	Elmalah, the son of
,,	Yumlah, the son of	,,	Mosheesh, the son of
,,	Mosheesh, the son of	,,	Abu-bekir, the son of
,,	Abu-bekir, the son of	,,	Ali, the son of
,,	Ali, the son of	,,	Hormah, the son of
,,	Hormah, the son of	,,	Ayra, the son of
,,	Ayra, the son of	,,	Salam, the son of
,,	Salam, the son of	,,	Mezzvar, the son of
,,	Mezzvar, the son of	,,	Ali, the son of
,,	Haydasah, the son of	,,	Mohammed, the son of
,,	Mohammed, the son of	,,	Idris, the son of
,,	Idris II., the son of	,,	Idris, the son of
,,	Idris, the son of	,,	Abdallah, the son of
,,	Abdullah, the son of	,,	Hassan, the son of
,,	Hassan, the son of	,,	Hassan, the son of
,,	Hassan, the son of		
,,	Ali, the nephew and Fatmeh the daughter of the Prophet Mohammed.		

APPENDIX B.

AGREEMENT BETWEEN ROBERT SPENCE WATSON AND MOHAMMED LAMARTI BEFORE HORACE P. WHITE, ESQ., H.B.M. CONSUL, TANGIER.

MOHAMMED LAMARTI agrees to conduct Mr. Spence Watson and his luggage from Tangier to El Uted, Al Kasar, Wazan, Larache, Arseila, Tetuan, and back to Tangier: to stop at such place or places on the route as Mr. Spence Watson may desire, and for such time, and to make excursions in any parts of the towns or districts visited.

Mohammed Lamarti to provide an approved riding mule with saddle and bridle, and to change same in case of accident; also five good baggage mules, two approved tents, and good and sufficient bedding, washing utensils, cooking utensils, and everything necessary for the journey. He shall further provide a good cook and good and sufficient food for the entire journey, both in town and country. He shall provide two soldiers as escort, and a sufficient number of attendants, and shall furnish them all with good and sufficient food. He shall also furnish good and sufficient provender for the mules, and shall pay all the expenses of the journey, excepting any hotel expenses, if Mr. Spence Watson shall prefer to stay at an hotel.

He shall to the best of his ability assist Mr. Spence Watson in obtaining information or specimens of things which may interest him in town or country, and shall in all ways promote his comfort, and follow his directions during the journey.

In consideration of the faithful observance of the foregoing Mr. Spence Watson agrees to pay Mohammed Lamarti the sum of ten Spanish duros per day for each day of the journey; thirty duros to be paid on the signing of this agreement, and the balance on the completion of the journey.

Mr. Spence Watson will deposit the sum of three hundred duros at the British Consulate as security for the performance of his part of the agreement.

In case of any dispute or misunderstanding the matter to be referred to Mr. Horace P. White, whose decision shall be final.

Dated this seventh day of October, 1879.

ROBERT SPENCE WATSON,
MOHAMMED LAMARTI.

Signed in my presence by the above-mentioned Mr. Spence Watson and Mohammed Lamarti, Tangier, October 7th, 1879.

HORACE P. WHITE,
H.B.M. Consul.

APPENDIX C.

LIST OF STORES.

I TOOK in my hamper many things which proved to be unnecessary, as they were provided by Mohammed Lamarti. In the following list the articles which might have been left behind are those contained in the first paragraph :—

One pound of green tea, one pound of black tea, two pounds of coffee, six pounds of loaf sugar, four pounds of wax candles, two pounds of salt, quarter pound of pepper.

Three pounds of rice, jar of Durham mustard, large packet of cake chocolate, three boxes of night-lights to burn eight hours, six large boxes of extra-sized wax matches, two pounds of tobacco, twelve boxes of vesuvians, eight cases of coloured fires, twenty yards of magnesium ribbon, tin case of filter papers, gutta-percha funnel, three pots of jam, two pots of marmalade, two tins of sardines, three boxes of water biscuits, two tins of condensed milk, sixteen boxes of rhubarb pills, sixteen boxes of seidlitz powders; three revolvers, a double-barrelled pistol, two watches, and six boxes of percussion caps, and bullet moulds for each pistol, for presents; a case of Keating's insect powder, one bottle Florida water, one bottle Hollands, one bottle pale brandy.

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LONDON: R. CLAY, SONS, AND TAYLOR, PRINTERS.

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Government of Maharashtra
on 02 July, 2018